

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXI. No. 2088

London  
July 2, 1941



1/6

REGISTERED AS A  
NEWSPAPER FOR  
TRANSMISSION IN THE  
UNITED KINGDOM

For conditions of sale and supply of THE TATLER and BYSTANDER see foot of last page



By Appointment

*Cerebos Salt*  
— final touch to the well appointed table

*Great stuff this  
Bass*



**FORTNUM  
& MASON**  
*for Military Equipment*

\*MACVITA\*MACVITA\*MACVITA\*MACVITA\*MACVITA\*

**MACVITA**

Delicious with butter, preserves or cheese  
but equally satisfying without. The best  
of English wheat—at its best.

Made only by McVitie & Price

\*MACVITA\*MACVITA\*MACVITA\*MACVITA\*MACVITA\*

**LAGONDA**



destined to provide  
the measure of excellence by which  
the world's finest cars are judged

LAGONDA MOTORS, LIMITED, STAINES, MIDDLESEX

**HIGHLAND  
QUEEN**

*Grand  
Liqueur*



MACDONALD & MUIR, LTD. - Scotch  
Whisky Distillers, Leith Glasgow, London.

**Bulmer's**



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V

MADE BY THE AUTHENTIC  
CHAMPAGNE PROCESS . . .

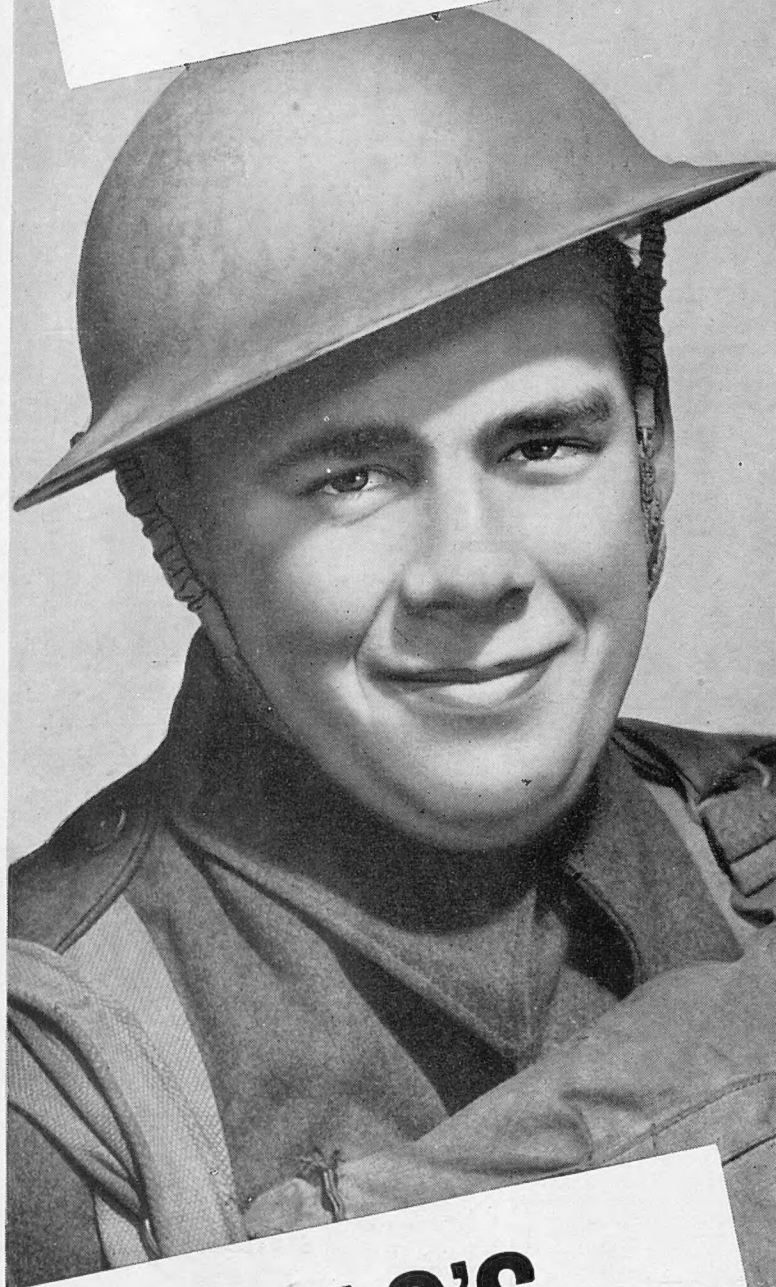
**CHAMPAGNE CIDER**

Obtainable at all the best  
Hotels and Restaurants

H. P. BULMER, & CO., LTD., HEREFORD, ENGLAND



It will do him good to  
send him Eno's



**ENO'S**  
"FRUIT SALT"

*Doctors recommend Eno's!*  
first thing every morning



## UNIFORM ACHIEVEMENT

From the precision of its lines, to the disciplined threads of the last buttonhole, each uniform we make carries in it traditions and standards worthy of the Service to which it belongs. Add the greatcoat — and such important details as badges, insignia, socks, collar, tie and cap — and you will agree that ours *is* a total war service —

**AUSTIN REED**  
OF REGENT STREET

Aldershot, Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Edinburgh,  
Glasgow, Leeds, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford.

# THE TATLER

and **BYSTANDER**

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Price:

One Shilling and Sixpence

Vol. CLXI. No. 2088

LONDON  
JULY 2, 1941



*Bertram Park*

## Red Cross President: the Countess of Limerick

The Countess of Limerick, as President of the County of London Branch of the British Red Cross Society, is a very busy woman, and spends many hours working at her desk at headquarters. Apart from this she is also on the Women's Consultative Committee, appointed by the Minister of Labour Mr. Ernest Bevin, to advise on the recruiting and registration of women for war service. Before her marriage in 1926 to Lord Limerick, she was Miss Angela Trotter, and is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Sir Henry Trotter, and of Lady Trotter. She and her husband have three children, two boys, Lord Glentworth and the Hon. Michael Pery, and one girl, Lady Anne Pery. Chiddingfold is their charming home at West Hoathly in Sussex





# Way of the War

By "Foresight"

## Hitler's Bid for Peace

**B**EHIND Germany's attack on Russia lies a deep plan which Hitler has conceived for bringing the war to an end this year. By hurling the whole of his forces against the Red Army and Air Force in a series of terrific blows he believes that he can gain control over the whole of Russia in Europe, and provoke revolution in the rest of the Soviet Union, thus overthrowing the Stalin regime and installing in its place a Quisling government of his own nomination.

This achieved, and with his supplies of food and oil from Ukraina and Transcaucasia secured, he will, I predict, present terms of peace to this country. There is reason to believe that these terms will have the appearance of great generosity, restoring independence to the bulk of France, the Low Countries and Norway but retaining for Germany control over all south-east Europe and south Russia.

Hitler, of course, is well aware that the British Government and people would reject any suggestion of negotiating peace with the

Nazi regime but that does not greatly disturb him, for his real aim is to prevent the entry into the war of the United States in full-blooded armed support of the British Empire and its allied democratic governments. We may therefore guess that when Britain declines to talk peace Hitler will address himself direct to the United States. There he believes that he will have been able meantime so to bemuse public opinion as to create acute divisions leading to a position in which it will not be possible for President Roosevelt to carry a united nation into war.

## Vital Time Factor

**C**AN Hitler succeed in this aim? Much obviously turns on the correctness of the German High Command's appreciation of Russia's military power and efficiency. If the campaign takes longer than Hitler has anticipated, if his ability to disrupt the Soviet from within as well as from without should prove illusory, he may well arrive too late at the stage where he can present his peace plan.

For by that time the United States may already be at war against him. Even so, the situation has its political dangers, and there can be no harm in seeing in advance what Germany has in mind.

For the present one cannot but feel that there is net gain for the Allies in Hitler's latest and most flagrant act of treachery. In the United States, for example, the industrial effort in support of Britain has been hampered hitherto by very active Communist sabotage and 'ca' canny.' There is little doubt that, while Russia and Germany were in collaboration, these Communist activities were largely German inspired. Obviously that source of difficulty has now been removed.

Soviet representatives in London expressed great confidence last week that their armed forces would be able to take care of the Germans. M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador, as might be expected, was well satisfied with Britain's prompt decision to give all possible aid to Russia. He has worked long and patiently through the past years to bring about closer relations between the two countries and has never concealed his detestation of the Nazis.

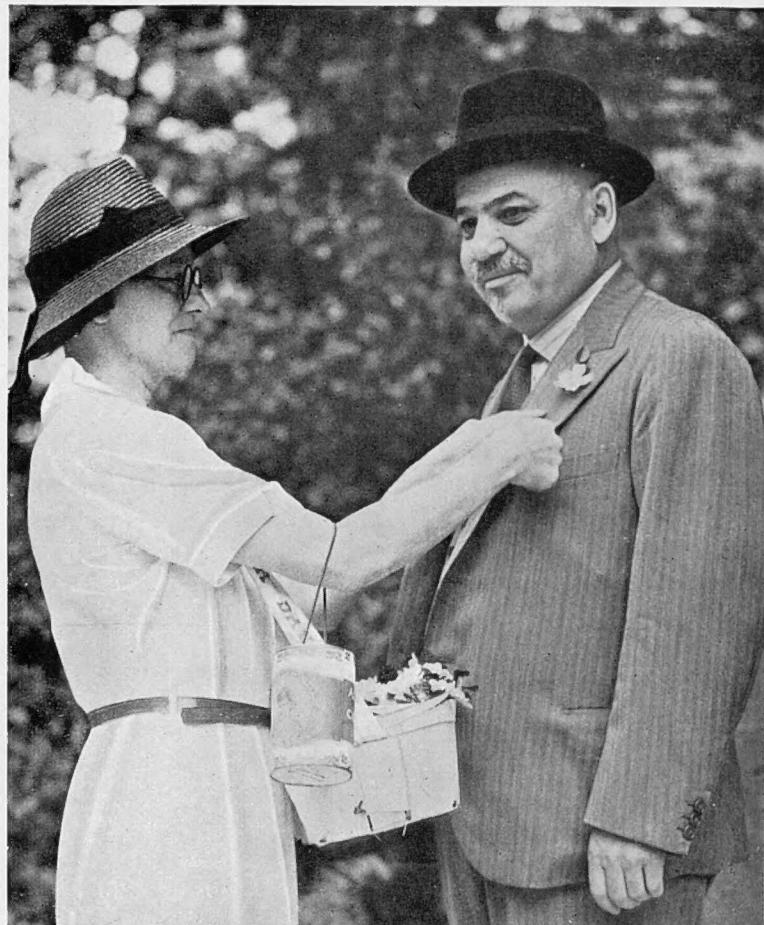
## Premier's Prophetic Letter

**M**R. WINSTON CHURCHILL—like Mr. Lloyd George—consistently believed before the war started that military co-operation with Soviet Russia would enable Britain and France to overthrow Hitler's Germany. He regularly developed this theme in his speeches. After the war started, and Stalin had signed up with Hitler, Mr. Churchill was oppressed by



Mr. Peter Fraser in London

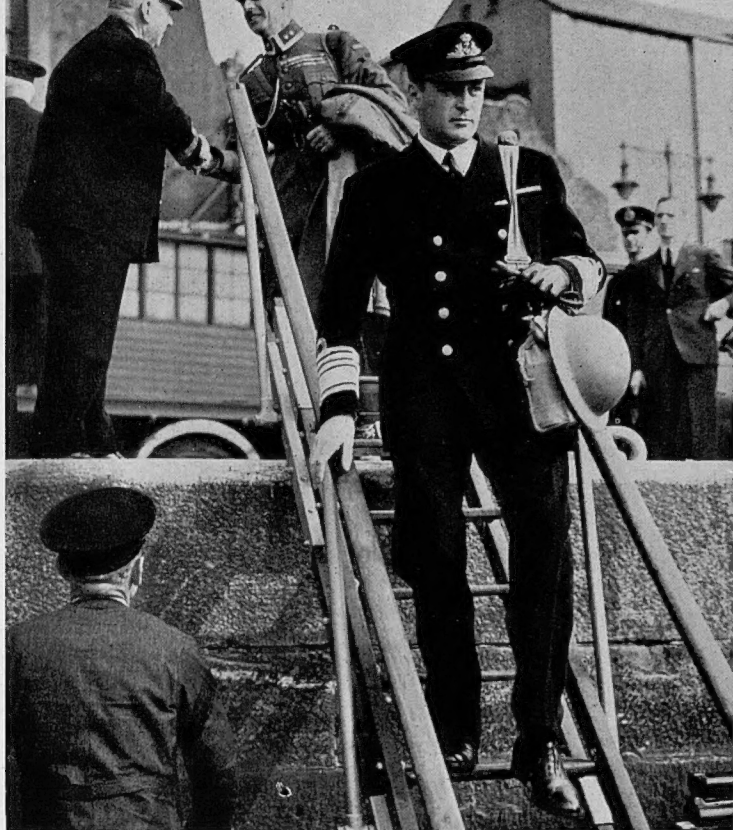
New Zealand's Prime Minister arrived in London ten days or so ago to discuss various aspects of the war. Like Mr. Menzies during his recent visit to Britain, Mr. Fraser attends meetings of the War Cabinet. He travelled here via Egypt, where he saw many New Zealand soldiers. Mr. Fraser is a Scotsman from Fearn in Ross-shire, went to board school, joined the I.L.P. before he went to New Zealand in 1910 as a man of twenty-six. He succeeded Mr. Savage as Labour Prime Minister last year.



M. Maisky Buys a Rose

The Russian Ambassador was buttonholed with an Alexandra Day rose as he left his Embassy in Kensington to see Mr. Eden at the Foreign Office last Tuesday. That afternoon the Foreign Secretary told the House of Commons that he had heard from the Ambassador that the Soviet Government had accepted Britain's offer to send military and economic missions to Russia. M. Maisky, who has been in London nine years (longer than any Ambassador except Baron de Cartier de Marchienne), comes from Novgorod Province, which lies on the European side of Russia, south-east of Leningrad.





*Norwegian Sailor Crown Prince*

Prince Olaf, Crown Prince of Norway, wearing naval uniform, lately visited north-east England where he inspected the motor launch flotilla and other Norwegian shipping. He went aboard some of these launches accompanied by Admiral H. E. Diesen, Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Norwegian Navy. Prince Olaf, who is very popular, chatted to the officers and men, and afterwards opened a club for Norwegian seamen, a much-needed centre where they can meet for food, music, games and gossip



*Home Guard Director-General*

Major-General Viscount Bridgeman (centre), the recently-appointed Director-General of the Home Guard, conferred with Lt.-Col. O. C. Shortt, in charge of training, and Col. K. Bayley. The speed-up of training necessary to teach the Home Guard new methods of defence, learned from military experience gained in Greece and Crete, was under discussion. Staff officers returned from these campaigns have been in conference with the Directorates of Military Training and of the Home Guard

the changed scene, but rarely unfriendly in his references to Soviet Russia.

He has always been on terms of close friendship with M. Ivan Maisky, the ever-smiling Soviet Ambassador in London. In pre-war days they dined together frequently, and the Ambassador took the keenest delight in listening to Mr. Churchill's orations from the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons. Obviously Mr. Churchill's contacts with the ambassador gave him a closer insight into Soviet politics than most other Conservative statesmen bothered to gain.

Thus, when Sir Stafford Cripps was preparing to leave on his mission to Moscow more than ten months ago, Mr. Churchill sat down and wrote a long letter of several pages to Stalin. This will be an historic document should it be published after the war, for in it the Prime Minister forecast precisely what is now happening—that in order to attempt the subjugation of Britain Hitler must first endeavour to smash the Russian military machine.

### **Luftwaffe Not So Big**

OUR own relative immunity from air raids during recent weeks and the experience of the R.A.F. in its offensive sweeps over Western Europe have demonstrated one very interesting fact; namely, that the Luftwaffe is not big enough to maintain two large operations on separate fronts simultaneously. Our fighter pilots who have been raiding Northern France in daylight with so much success are satisfied that the Germans have only been able to leave their operational training units.

The German lads who are taking up the Messerschmitts to meet our Hurricanes and Spitfires quite evidently have no operational experience and, once drawn up into the air, become the easiest of meat for our own well-

trained pilots. It is also interesting to remember for how long the German air lull in the west has continued, for it gives us a fairly accurate idea of the amount of time required to transfer the main striking force from one side of Europe to the other.

### **Cabinet Changes**

PRESSURE on the Prime Minister to reconstruct his Cabinet by reducing its size and increasing its efficient conduct of the war continues, despite Mr. Churchill's denial that he has any intention of heeding his advisers and friendly critics.

There is evidence that recent newspaper articles on this subject have angered Mr. Churchill. This week he was more stubbornly opposed than ever to undertaking the task of reconstruction. Because he is a warm-hearted, loyal colleague, Mr. Churchill rejects the now frequently used political gibe that the Government is "a one-man show." But Mr. Churchill does work harder than any of his colleagues. He always works until the early hours of the morning; sometimes he does not go to bed until five o'clock. Unlike previous Prime Ministers he is not an early riser; but State papers are taken to him with the morning tea.

Like President Roosevelt, he works on these before getting out of bed. A difference between them is that Mr. Churchill likes a morning cigar in bed. Mr. Churchill has worked hard all his life; harder than most statesmen of his time. He has thus acquired an eye for detail, and contrary to popular conception in political circles it is the detail which always seizes his attention. He not only concentrates on details in production and strategy, but all the related problems of the war effort. In this, and other respects, ministers and chiefs of staff find Mr. Churchill a martinet.

### **Red-haired Adviser**

FOR advice on current politics at Westminster the Prime Minister relies on Mr. Brendan Bracken, his Parliamentary Private Secretary. Mr. Bracken is tall, voluble, red-haired. He can be good fun at a party; his stream of witty conversation is unending. Now he has great responsibility, and his manner is graver and more reserved. His red hair is greying more quickly than it did when he was in the city. In politics he has consistently followed Mr. Churchill; in bad days and good he has always been near at hand to cheer. In those early days when Mr. Churchill was fighting for rearmament Mr. Bracken's cheer was often the only one to be heard in the House of Commons. Such loyalty is rarely to be found in politics and it has brought for Mr. Bracken the reward of hard work and more hard work; but also some power. He has the Prime Minister's ear at all times. Mr. Bracken should thus be able to keep Mr. Churchill informed of the real strength of the demand for reconstruction of the Government.

### **Defence Plan**

INFLUENTIAL people have for some time been discussing the name of Lieutenant-General McNaughton, Chief of the Canadian Forces in this country, in connexion with Cabinet changes. In spite of the Prime Minister's denial that General McNaughton might be asked to become Minister of Defence, these people believe that the general combines military, scientific and other practical qualities which would make him a useful and forthright voice in the Cabinet as Canada's representative.

The story is told of "Andie" McNaughton that in the early days of preparations to meet the immediate threat of Hitler's invasion he brushed aside all convention and telephoned

(Continued on page 36)



# The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

## La Traviata (New Theatre)

THERE are so many classical operas I have never heard that it would be misleading to make a special feature of my previous ignorance of *La Traviata*, with which the Sadler's Wells Company opened its fortnight at the New Theatre. But I already knew almost every note of it, from when, as a child, I went to bed, my musical brother used to lull me to sleep with half an hour's selections from the world's great operas; as he played the Soldiers' Chorus from *Faust*, or the Intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and the winter firelight flickered on the ceiling, or the summer clouds sailed by the open window, I did not realise what an excellent education I was receiving.

Moreover, at the age of about seven, I was appointed a musical critic, my brother instituting a weekly knockout operatic championship, for which my sister, my other brother and I were empanelled as judges. Sixteen operas would be selected and paired off for the first round, page fifty would be played of

*Carmen* and *Fra Diavolo*, *Romeo and Juliet* and *Die Meistersinger*, *Manon Lescaut* and *Aida*, and it would be for us to pronounce the winner. The second round (eight left) would be page seventy-five; after which the semi-finals and the final. I cannot remember *La Traviata*, although it regularly competed, ever to have gained the victory.

THAT the story of *La Traviata* was the story of *La Dame aux Camélias*, I never knew, and although one wants, of course, to know what is going on in an opera in a general sort of way, one would often be much happier if one could not hear the actual words sung in the English translation, as, for example, when they sing "I dislike him by instinct," which is not at all operatic.



Violetta Valery (Janet Hamilton-Smith) is the heroine of Verdi's opera founded on "*La Dame Aux Camélias*" by Dumas



Sketches by  
Anna Zinkeisen

*La Traviata*: Georges Germont (Tom Williams), Violetta Valery (Janet Hamilton-Smith) a Parisian demi-mondaine, stricken with consumption, Alfred Germont (Trefor Jones) the lover, and Annina (Kate Jackson), Violetta's disapproving maid, in the death scene

"From thee I will not sever" is more operatic, but it is too pedantic and too obviously due to the necessity for rhyming with "ever." And when they sing "Of cruel harshness you have been guilty," one sighs more than ever for the original if unintelligible Italian.

It seemed to me that the action was again and again so abrupt and arbitrary that the piece might well have been called *La Traviata* or *No Sooner Said than Done*. The emotions are on a grand scale, but the grander the scale, the more preparation they require. It is not a case only of love at first sight in *La Traviata*, but of everything else at first sight—self-sacrifice at first sight, jealousy at first sight, pecuniary embarrassment at first sight, consumption at first sight—though I must confess that my first sight of Janet Hamilton-Smith, who played the part of Violetta, convinced me that here was a woman who never in any circumstances could possibly suffer from the faintest trace of consumption.

TYPE-CASTING, however, is almost the last thing possible in the production of opera. It was not type-casting that determined the choice of Miss Hamilton-Smith for the part of Violetta, which she performs like a thorough-going professional, singing admirably with a voice that is a little on the hard side. Nor was it type-casting that determined the choice of Trefor Jones for the part of her romantic young lover Alfred, but where is the romantic youth out of or even in the Army who could do Verdi's music such justice? The voice is, of course, what must be first considered, for whereas it is possible (if by no means easy) to imagine that a buxom wench in the full bloom of health is in the last stages of tuberculosis, or that a middle-aged gentleman is not yet past his first youth, it is quite impossible to imagine that somebody who is singing very badly is singing very well. You try.

Perhaps, taken all round, the most completely satisfactory performance was given by Tom Williams as Alfred's father. The scene in which he persuaded Violetta to give Alfred up had one really moving moment. But being actuated by motives material and snobbish, I could not help feeling that in his subsequent scene with Alfred he was rather overdoing the case when he kept on singing "Heaven calls thee home."





**Flower Girl to Royalty**

The Hon. Katharine Chatfield was one of the two flower-sellers who went to Buckingham Palace to sell Alexandra Day roses to the King and Queen. A special Victorian posy was presented to the Duchess of Kent for Princess Alexandra. Miss Chatfield, who is Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield's younger daughter, works at the W.V.S. headquarters, and wore her uniform for rose-selling



**The Duchess of Kent Made a Long Round of Rose Day Visits**

On Tuesday last week, the Duchess of Kent spent two hours visiting Alexandra Rose Day depots from which some twenty million roses were put on sale. Here she is at Australia House where the High Commissioner's wife, Mrs. S. M. Bruce, was in charge. Included in the group with H.R.H. and Mrs. Bruce (in the spotted dress) are Mrs. Young, Mrs. Morshead and Miss Piening. Mrs. Leslie Morshead, the organiser of Rose Day, went with the Duchess of Kent on her tour. More roses in London were expected to have been sold than ever before

## Summer Street Scenes

Walking, Talking, Selling and Sandwiching Around London



**Going to the House**

Col. Duncan Sandys, M.P., Mr. Winston Churchill's son-in-law, was on his way to hear Mr. Eden's statement to the House of Commons on Russia. Col. Sandys is still recovering from the motor accident in Wales nearly three months ago in which both his feet were crushed



**Talking About Food**

Lord Woolton and Lord Hailey had a few words together outside the Ministry of Food when Lord Hailey handed over on behalf of the Congo British War Fund a mobile canteen to join the ranks of the Queen's Messengers. This canteen service goes to emergencies and incidents in any part of the country



**Advertising Their Play**

Actresses won't be beaten by a shortage of sandwich-men or anything else. The latest way of advertising is for the stars to go on the streets, or rather in the gutter, with their own sandwich boards. Miss Iris Hoey led the "Actresses Will Happen" procession, followed by Miss Vicky Lister, Miss Mary Ashenden and Miss Nelva Singer, the last named having a little trouble with her unruly charge



# Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Wings over America

**A**BEL HERMANT, the witty critic of *Le Temps*, wrote a number of novels which he hoped might serve to reconstruct the history of our times. Future historians might do worse than consider the literary matter vouchsafed by the film companies of 1941. Paramount, for example, issues a broad-sheet with reference to *I Wanted Wings*, the new picture now in flight at the Plaza and Carlton theatres.

In this we read that Veronica Lake, "who is headed towards stardom with the speed of a rocket, weighs just ninety-eight pounds, but has the energy of an exploding bomb." Since she was born in Lake Placid, New York, she must have come to the surface with unprecedented splash. "When she accompanied a friend to a studio for a test, a director offered her a role, which she turned down because she had no acting experience." Gosh, likewise Golly! "Later, when she did get some, she returned with new confidence and the ambition to be a picture actress." Golly, likewise Gosh!

Miss Lake is of the super-vamp type, modelling herself on the withdrawn exquisiteness of a Claire Luce, but compelled by the exigencies of the plot to turn herself into a Claire Lucifer. She croons, her eyes swim with desire, she wears flaxen tresses in the Garbo manner, and at the critical moment is to be found cluttering up the bomb-rack of a flying fortress.

*I WANTED WINGS* would be a first-class picture if the directors had cut out (a) the women or (b) the aeroplanes. I frankly decline to believe that the air training of American pilots is conducted along such lines that cabaret singers can at will put spokes in their propellers. This film's story is sempiternal. The brave young pilot, Jeff Young, puts on a show of bravado which he by no means feels. As complement to him is Al Ludlow, who is a real coward, but nerves himself up to feats of valour beyond the capacity of his colleagues. And, of course, while Jeff is a howling cad, Al is a chevalier *avec beaucoup de peur mais sans aucune reproche*.

Jeff gets himself into a mess with a blonde harridan who, having read Hardy's *Jude the Obscure*, brings off Arabella's old trick of pretending to be in trouble. Whereupon Al promptly marries the baggage, so that his pal can get his wings. It seems, and I do not believe it, that in the American Air Arm fatherhood outside marriage is a bar to a commission.

**T**HE late C. E. Montague summed up Al's type to perfection:

This type, in its general lines, is that of the man who is not, as we say, a bad chap after all; the man who, again, is more wide-awake than he seems; the man who may not have much gift of the gab, but is sure to come well through a scrimmage; the man who does not wear his heart on his sleeve, preferring to wear there a heart much less good than his own, so that when he turns out an unparalleled brick the cynical observer of human nature is knocked all of a heap; the man who, morally, is a regular lion of generosity, usually crouched, it is true, but quite prepared to do terrific springs of self-

devotion if the occasion for them be sufficiently fantastic—mentally, too, a perfect mortar, or sunk mine of gumption, with a sluggish fuse to it, slow to take light, but going off at last in veritable prodigies of mother-wit and horse-sense and other forms of practical wisdom; the man who "has his faults," but still—well, if he drinks he is "nobody's enemy but his own," and at those next-morning hours when a nature radically bad would be ringing for soda water, he is delighted to be shot or guillotined for the advantage of comparative strangers; he may not keep appointments, or pay his tailor, or do his work, and, of course, he is not a "plaster saint"; but then he "cannot bear to see a woman cry," and at any hour of the day or night he is game to adopt a baby, or soothe death-beds, or renounce, for reasons wildly insubstantial, the satisfaction of the cravings of his honest heart.

**N**ow you are not to deduce from the foregoing that *I Wanted Wings* is a bad picture. It is not. It is a magnificent picture at all times when the women keep out of it. I say "women" because in this sort of drama there is always a good girl waiting, when the

moment arrives, to clasp the shop-soiled hero to her milk-white bosom. I repeat that apart from feminine intrusion this picture is brilliant. The flying sequences are superb, and I was immensely thrilled in spite of the fact that a ten-minute flip at Peacehaven constitutes all I know or want to know of aerial navigation.

Will the film ever grow up? I doubt it. Will it ever exceed the mentality of the fourth form? Again I doubt it. "He passes away" under a cloud, inscrutable at heart, forgotten, unforgotten, and excessively romantic," was written of a greater coward than Jeff. This picture's hero passes away under Los Angeles skies, to be remembered ever, forgiven, and school-girlishly romantic. "He goes away from a living woman to celebrate his pitiless wedding with a shadowy ideal of conduct," wrote Conrad of Lord Jim. The film world knows this to be bosh. Jeff Young doubles, or rather trebles, the girl, the wedding and a first-class certificate for conduct. In other words he scrapes through the court martial.

**R**AY MILLAND as Jeff gives a handsome performance, William Holden, Wayne Morris and Brian Donlevy are superb, and the planes are even better. The girls, Veronica Lake and Constance Moore, are just in the way. However, I recognise that in this matter I am fighting a lone battle. I realise that four-fifths of any cinema audience is feminine, and that to my fair readers the revolvings of the passion-impelled heart are of more importance than the revolutions of the petrol-driven engine. I have not the least doubt that to the feminine mind the flying parts of this film will seem an unwarrantable intrusion on more important matters.



Ray Milland and Constance Moore

Ray Milland is the hero of "*I Wanted Wings*," and Constance Moore is the girl he really loves when he is not infatuated with a gold-digging glamour girl whose face you can see on the opposite page. Arthur Hornblow produced and Mitchell Leiser directed this big new American flying picture which had a double London premiere, at the Plaza and the Carlton, last Friday



## A New Bombshell

Veronica Lake Has Her First Leading Role in "I Wanted Wings"

Veronica Lake, born Constance Keane, is Hollywood's new "blonde bombshell." Her hair is honey-coloured, her eyes smoulder, her temperament is dynamic, her weight is seven stone, her home is Lake Placid, her first idea was to be a doctor, and she studied for two years at McGill University. So much the film company who made *I Wanted Wings* tells about her; the film itself tells more, and Mr. Agate tells, on the opposite page, what the film told him about Miss Lake. Until now she has only played three small screen roles, and it was a big thing for her to be chosen for what Paramount describe as "the greatest aviation screen classic, in point of significance and scope, ever filmed." The story concerns three young aviators—Ray Milland, William Holden and Wayne Morris; their instructor—Brian Donlevy; a good girl—Constance Moore; a bad girl—the blonde bombshell. The U.S. War Department co-operated with the film company, allowing three air-training fields and more than 600 bombers and fighters to be used, to give America an exciting and "authentic" film about its Army Air Corps



A New Blonde Menace to Make Men Mad—Here with William Holden



Windblown Adventuress



Wanted for Murder



Cabaret Glamour-Girl



# Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

## Wedding

**M**AJOR RONALD STANYFORTH and Miss Prudence Daniel were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy. The bride wore a turquoise-coloured dress made of thin wool, and pleated, with a full length coat to match. Her hat, the same colour, had an upturned brim edged with velvet ribbon.

The reception was in the Pinafore Room at the Savoy, overlooking the river, and the Duke of Gloucester was there with his sister-in-law, Lady Margaret Hawkins, whose black hat was trimmed with pink and white flowers.

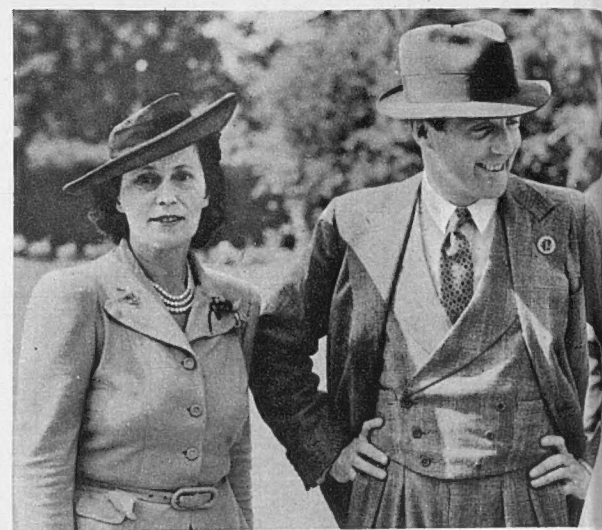
Other guests included the Duke of Buccleuch, Sir Roland and Lady Burke, General Sir Alan Brooke, Sir Louis Greig, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lady Dorothy Hope Morley, and the Captain of the King's Flight, Wing-Commander E. H. Fielden, with his wife—they were married last autumn.

## People

**M**ISS SUSAN NORTH was at a party in a dress patterned with double heads, like that old Shell advertisement of the same head looking in opposite directions. Lord Wharton was at the same party, in Air Force uniform with the mystic V.R. on it.

Miss Valerie Hobson was lunching at the May Fair in a hat made of flowers, with a veil, and her hair done on top. Wing-Commander Toby Charlton, whose ex-wife, originally Lady June Butler, is now married to Miss Hobson's cousin, was in the same party, also Miss Stoney, the barrister. On the same day Mr. Humphrey Fulford, more usually called Tony, was lunching with his fiancée, Miss Eve Taylor, who, on the stage, is known as the "Blonde Bombshell."

Two more people in London lately were



## At a Rest-Home Opening

*Mrs. R. S. Hudson, American wife of the Minister of Agriculture, and Lord De La Warr, Assistant Regional Commissioner for the South Eastern Region, were present when Mr. Ernest Berin opened a rest home for industrial workers at Hatfield Court, near Tunbridge Wells. The home is financed by the British War Relief Society of America*

Mrs. Geoffrey Phipps-Hornby, whose husband is the well-known polo player and point-to-point rider, and Mrs. Howard Kerr.

## Countryside

**S**OMERSET and Dorset are looking lovely in the sun, with hay being made and cows mooching about as cheerfully as they ever do. At a village with the resounding name of Piddle Newton the names of Hermione Baddeley and Pauline Tennant crop up unexpectedly in the pub visitors' book.

Bath looked serene, with people wearing the less inspired clothes of ten years ago—those striped washing silk dresses that wear for ever, and will now be more than ever a blessing to their owners, navy blue foulard with white spots; and hats that are "summer" for the straightforward reason that they are made of straw.

It was hot enough to sleep out, a lovely thing to do, and the only way of waking up literally looking dewy, one's hair grey with it, like on cobwebs.

## A Lovely House

**B**ARRINGTON COURT, in Somerset, proudly wears the plaque of the National Trust. The original Tudor house is now inhabited by the small boys of a school evacuated from Kent; Mrs. Lyle, the present tenant, occupies, with grandchildren, the later, but also beautiful house beside it.

As well as lavish lawns, set about with huge oak trees, there is a series of walled gardens packed with every seasonable flower—an inventive mixture of all sorts of iris, lupins flaming red and yellow besides the more ordinary range of colours, delphiniums taller than people, single white peonies less blowsy than the double sort, intersected with smooth lawn, and surrounded with those peachy pink walls, blooming with the years of open-air life.

The school celebrated its half-term in lucky sunshine, and made a day of it. There was the traditional fathers versus sons cricket match, in which Colonel Gilbert Poole of South Petherton took six wickets, and after tea a sort of pot pourri of *The Tempest*.

## Arcadian Shakespeare

**T**HIS took place in brisk competition with a breeze southing loudly through the trees beneath which it was performed, but  
(Concluded on page 10)



## A Scottish Engagement

*Mr. Aidan Mark Sprot, Royal Scots Greys, and Miss Catriona Louise Maclean of Ardgour announced their engagement in June. He is the younger son of Major and Mrs. Sprot, of Riddell, Melrose, Roxburghshire. She is the eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Maclean of Ardgour, and the Hon. Mrs. Maclean of Ardgour, and a niece of Lord Inverclyde*



## Four Weddings



*Capt. Chamberlayne and Miss Morrison-Bell*

*Captain Arthur Thomas Chamberlayne, Royal Fusiliers, and Miss Sylvia Morwenna Morrison-Bell were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Chamberlayne, of Beech Hill, Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk. She is the younger daughter of Lieut.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. E. W. Morrison-Bell, of Pit House, Bembridge, Isle of Wight, and a niece of Lord Clinton*

*Mr. Bartholomew Guy Ellison, younger son of Major and Mrs. G. M. Ellison, of Hykeham Hall, Lincoln, and Miss Jean Isabel Boyle were married in Edinburgh. She is the younger daughter of the Hon. Alan and Mrs. Boyle, of Mount Esk, Lasswade, Midlothian, and a niece of the Earl of Glasgow and Viscount Caldecote*



*Mr. Ellison and Miss Jean Boyle*



*Mrs. M. A. L. Cripps*

*Lenore*

*Miss Margaret Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Johnson Scott, of Hillside, Ashby-de-la-Zouche, was married at St. Helen's, Ashby-de-la-Zouche, to Captain Anthony Cripps, of the Middle Temple, and the Leicestershire Regiment, elder son of the Hon. Leonard and Mrs. Cripps, of Alton Grange, Ravenston, Leicestershire, and nephew of Lord Parmoor and Sir Stafford Cripps*



*Major Stanyforth and Miss Prudence Daniel*

*Major-General the Duke of Gloucester was a guest at the wedding of Major Ronald Thomas Stanyforth, 17th-21st Lancers, R.A.R.O., of Kirk Hammerton Hall, York, and Miss Prudence Elizabeth Daniel, who were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy. Major Stanyforth was appointed Comptroller of Household to the Duke of Gloucester in 1930. The bride is the only daughter of the late David Daniel, of Alltyferin, Nantgaredig, Carmarthenshire, and Mrs. Daniel, of Ffynone, Boncath, Pembrokeshire*



## Social Round-about

(Continued)

the little boys gallantly accepted the challenge, and spoke up successfully. Young W. R. Winnett was a prodigious little Ariel, N. A. J. Franklin mooched and growled alarmingly as Caliban, I. B. Beaumont obviously enjoyed being Trinculo, the kings and dukes of Naples and Milan swept about in plumed hats, and the three goddesses—Iris, Ceres and Juno—were ravishing in swathed butter muslin and ribboned wigs.

Colonel and Mrs. "Bob" Manderson, well known with the Taunton Vale hunt, were among attending parents with a performing son, T. R. Manderson.

### Musical Evening

A PLEASANT way of disposing of a summer evening can be had by people with a large enough room and piano, and access to talent.

Franz Reizenstein was playing on one of these occasions. He was an infant prodigy and has been here, staying with relatives and studying, since 1932. He played some of his own compositions, including parts of a new ballet, about which there are possibilities of a broadcast before long, and also of performance by the Arts Ballet. He has played at the National Gallery.

With Peter Frank, young, but very good on the violin, he did a Mendelssohn Fantasy in three movements, and some Brahms. Peter Frank also sang four Schubert songs very well indeed, and Bill Makins pleasantly filled in intervals with Scottish ballads.

Among the people listening was Mr. David Evans, a young film actor who appeared in *Mr. Chips*, and who has since been portraying Glory for propaganda films.

### Lunching

THE seasons are excluded now from most London restaurants by the intensive bricking-in process that sombrely imprisons patrons. Mr. Iain Moncrieff was one of these voluntary internees on a lovely sunny day, with, among others, Mrs. Renéville, who is Clare Sheridan's daughter, and Mr. Eric Hatry.

Mr. Hatry had a fascinating story about his dentist, who is of the modern luxury sort, and extinguishes patients with gas and oxygen even for stoppings. The effect of the oxygen, used for reviving, is so very reviving that it creates a super devil-may-care happy-go-luckiness, so that Mr. Hatry, told by the dentist that he must come again next week, sunnily answered, "Oh, no, you must come to me next time!"

### Opportunity

TO compensate for the restaurants' lost daylight there have been gulls' eggs which, peeled, look like some new kind of dimmed electric bulb, with the yolk shining yellowly through the just transparent white.

I hope that the thought of gulls' eggs still being laid in wartime, when these energetic birds should obviously be conscripted for some more humdrum task, will not drive "Cassandra," foaming, to further quotations in the *Daily Mirror* from these pages which he describes as "glossy." It must be thrilling for his millions of readers to feel that any day they may be treated, for their penny, to an anthology from more expensive publications.

### Outdoor Dining

DURING occasional nips of hot weather there are a few places in London where it is possible to dine on the pavement and pretend to be abroad—helped, in

Bloomsbury, by the abroad types who pad about in sandals.

The White Tower is Greek, and has lovely fantastic food. It used to be called the Eiffel Tower, and in those days harboured, in semi-darkness and among potted palms, the ravishing foam of London known as the Bright Young People, whose luncheons droned far into the afternoons.

Near by is the Belle Meunière, and there can be quite a cheerful scurry of interesting people between the two.

Mr. Harold Nicolson was among those on the pavement the other day; Mr. Cyril Connolly, editor of *Horizon*, Mr. Stephen Spender, the poet, and Mr. Peter Watson were inside, and Mr. Peter Quennell, Miss Diana Witherby and Mr. Brian Howard were in and out.

### Culture at War

"HORIZON" is the monthly that was brave enough to face an angry world for the first time in 1940. It has progressed steadily since, an almost solitary development of its kind in beastly times.

It is interesting to look through that very first number. For instance, there is an article, reviewing books, by Stephen Spender, called "How Shall We Be Saved?" which opens with a reference to the German-Soviet pact. The books in question, then new, were *Pain, Sex and Time* by Gerald Heard, *After Many a Summer* by Aldous Huxley, *The Idea of Christian Society* by T. S. Eliot, and *The Fate of Homo Sapiens* by H. G. Wells. All deal with the perpetual, absorbing subject of how to re-fix-up the world on better lines.

The most dreadfully practical piece of advice is from Mr. Huxley. "Unless you're steadily and unflinchingly cynical about the solemn twaddle that's talked by bishops and bankers and professors and politicians and all the rest of them, you're lost."



Poole, Dublin  
**Racing in Ireland**

The Hon. David and Mrs. Ormsby-Gore went racing together at Phoenix Park. He is Lord and Lady Harlech's elder son, and is a Gunner. She was Miss Sylvia Lloyd Thomas before her 1940 marriage, is the daughter of the late Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas. They have a son, christened Julian Hugh, born last December



Poole, Dublin  
**Irish Ex-Debutante**

The Hon. Patricia French was also photographed at the Phoenix Park meeting. She is the eldest of Lord De Freyne's four sisters, was born in 1917. Her brother, who is nearly fourteen, succeeded in 1935 to the barony and the family place, French Park, Co. Roscommon



**Irish Twins**

Stella and Clare Delmege are the twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Delmege, of Fethard, Co. Tipperary. Their father, the well-known Irish G.R., is now serving in the Middle East. Their mother, formerly Miss Frida Keane, is a niece of Senator Sir John Keane, Bt., of Cappoquin House, Co. Waterford. Mr. and Mrs. Delmege were married in 1939





## Back from Bulgaria: Mr. George Rendel at Home

Mr. George Rendel, British Minister in Sofia from 1938 until Bulgaria joined the Axis Powers, had an exciting journey across Europe on his way back to London, travelling for weeks by steamer, train, aeroplane and car. He had a narrow escape from bombs, neatly disguised in suitcases, which exploded in the Pera Palace Hotel at Istanbul, where he and his staff were staying. His elder daughter, Anne, who had acted as hostess for her father in Sofia, is now working in a Government office in Cairo. The younger daughter, Rosemary, aged seventeen, is sitting beside her parents in the photograph, admiring the ebony and ivory paper-knife given to Mr. Rendel as a memento of his landing in the Belgian Congo on his way home. She works at the Catholic Women's League Canteen in Westminster, of which Mrs. Rendel is the head. There are also two sons, one in the Royal Aircraft Establishment and one at school at Downside.



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A FINE old falsetto squawk would have gone up from the Great Sap Centre in happier days had the Government announced, as it did recently, that toy Red Indian costumes are liable to purchase-tax but toy Service uniforms go tax-free. We can see those revolting Adam's apples bobbing from here.

Shrill as the periodical squawks over the wickedness of encouraging militarism by giving the nursery toy soldiers for Christmas used to be, this one would take the further line, we dare surmise, that to penalise infants who yearn to dress up like the Noble Savage in his Primal Virtue is a crime even more horrid. You'd imagine the noble savage stuff, invented and patented by Slogger Rousseau, would have worn a bit thin by this time, but a certain type of modern prig, we find to our delight, falls for it still. How this type squares the Rousseau theory with that even more quaintly romantic superstition about the Automatic Progress of Man Upward Through the Ages seems at first a puzzle, till it dawns on you

that the Great Sap Centre can square anything on earth with anything on earth. It does so by umbilical concentration, an observer once told us.

Whether toy financier's costume (including the little bag, and the length of lead-piping) is also taxed we can't yet discover. Maybe it escapes under "educational"?

## Oversight

LED into emotional extremes by a recent cricket centenary match at Rugby, one of Auntie *Times's* boys permitted himself the frantic boast that *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, that museum-piece, is "incomparably the best school story ever written."

Auntie's boy has already, doubtless, regretted this outburst, scrabbling in his long white whiskers and rolling shamed, rheumy eyes. For if it is the masters who make the story, there is admittedly only one master in public school fiction—the colossal, daemonic Mr. King, who dwarfs all others, including Arnold of Rugby. Greatly as any person of taste must detest Stalky and his little friends, it is plain that they are the essential background for King, whose original—Kipling admitted to only a pale rendering of him—must have been even more stupendous, if a trifle less haywire, than the celebrated Elam, of whom elderly Old Paulines are so shyly proud. H. A. Vachell (of *The Hill*) and old Maestro Wodehouse, with his gay, perfect Wrykyn stories, and Ian Hay have all stated the *fin mot* of modern public school life, but they have never produced a King.

Note also that, apart from King's fine scholarship—look up the story about the Regulus Ode again—he displays a cold, superhuman restraint in his hates which is quite terrifying. When Walpole's Mr. Perrin tries to murder Mr. Traill he is just the average schoolmaster letting himself go. Those two should have conducted their lethal scufflings at Westward Ho in Kipling's time, with King as Chorus.

## Dictator

THOSE new Blueshirt storm-troops created by Laval to bring pressure on Vichy are, of course, not exactly new, like everything else you come across. Whenever blueshirts are mentioned M. Georges de Valois must bob up agreeably in the memory of anybody who was living in Paris in the 1920's.



"My dear, I had Hess in my tea-cup three months ago!"

M. Georges de Valois, whose name and *état civil* we forget, was a good Parisian joke while he lasted. The exact purpose of his tiny Blueshirt Party we likewise fail to remember, but he took himself extremely seriously and orated and marched about, unperturbed by the gibes of the Royalist *Action Française* and the Communist *Humanité* alike. "Le Dictateur de Bois" was Léon Daudet's pet name for M. de Valois, who continued to make speeches and march up and down and then, quite suddenly, faded out.

A sort of pathetic Mosley before his time, the Wooden Dictator seems to have been; a minor Kerensky, a little non-military Cromwell stifled in his infancy. Or maybe he just enjoyed dressing up and helling round with the boys, like an American Elk. His face was rather sad. From his choice of a name from the great House of France we gather him to have been a romantic, perhaps a poet at heart. Aren't they all?

## Afterthought

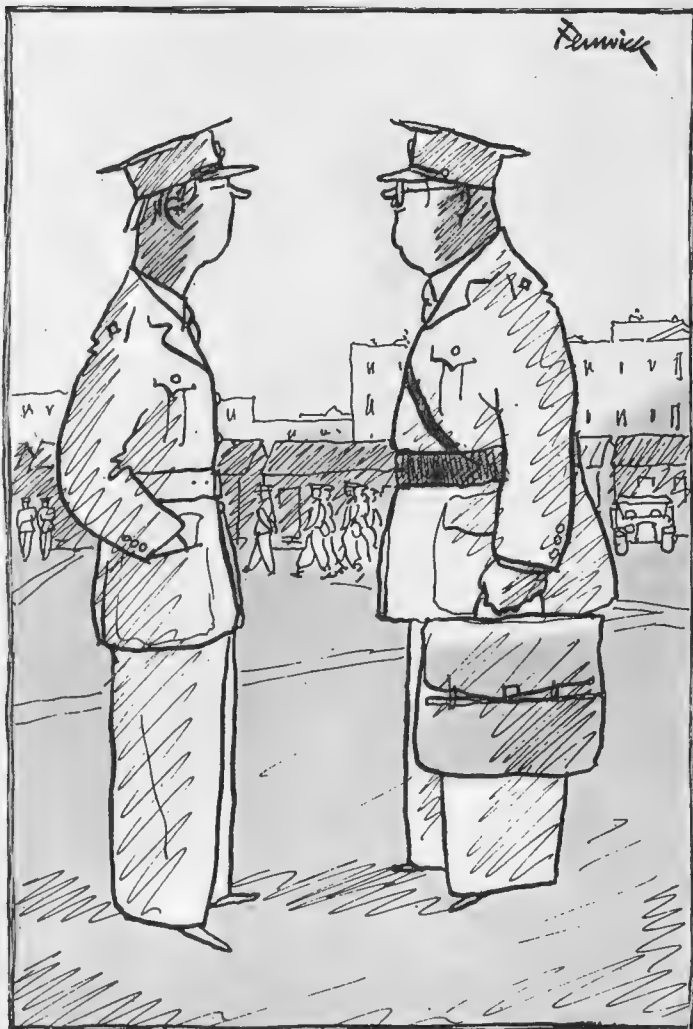
WE shall probably get into bitter trouble for even mentioning the (late) Greenshirts in such a vaudeville connection, but we often wonder mildly if our Social Credit boys feel the same apostolic fervour for the Douglas economic theory since their party uniform was banned. Costume makes a difference. Think what devils vegetarians would be if they wore mock-steak-tinted shirts and high boots and stamped around with stern, set pans in column of threes. Or rather, don't think.

## Slip

N OBODY admires Lord Beaverbrook more than we do, within reason, but we feel he should brush up on his history a bit. That comparison in his recent Canadian broadcast of the Elizabethan pirates to "birds of Paradise" as compared with Spanish "jays and crows" was a bit hum-hum, we thought, not to say ho-ho.

The truth being that morally speaking the Spanish empire-builders set an example at that particular period, in ideals at any rate, and there's no harm in facing it.

(Concluded on page 14)



"Nobody'd think you were an artist or I was a commercial traveller before the war"



## King Peter in England

Yugoslavia's Seventeen-  
Year-Old King Joins  
His Mother at Her  
Country Home



*The Young King with Queen Marie of Yugoslavia*



King Peter of Yugoslavia arrived in England by air from the Middle East on June 21st, and went straight to his mother's cottage in the country. Queen Marie had not seen her eldest son for more than a year—not since she left Yugoslavia to visit her two younger sons who are at school over here, and was unable to return because she became ill. King Peter himself was at a preparatory school in Surrey—Sandroyd, at Cobham—when his father, King Alexander, was assassinated in Marseilles in 1934, and the eleven-year-old boy had to leave his childhood behind him. Queen Marie is the younger daughter of the late King Ferdinand and Queen Marie of Rumania, a granddaughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, and a great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria. King Peter's chief preoccupation now is the formation of a Free Yugoslav air force. He is himself a trained navigator, and wants as soon as possible to get his wings. General Simovitch, the Yugoslav Premier, and two other Ministers came to England with the young King, and an official statement about the formation of a Free Yugoslav Government here, was expected to follow their arrival.



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

Whatever flaws developed in practice, their major object was not material gain but the extension of Christian civilisation. One notable and obvious result is that the unattractive aborigines of South America, protected and given equality at the outset by a famous Papal Bull, flourish to-day, whereas the unattractive aborigines of North America—as people used sometimes to point out laughingly to Theodore Roosevelt, whom it greatly annoyed—were practically wiped out. It's true that the Spaniards in question had dark Latin faces, and maybe often went unshaven, but our feeling is that facts are facts, and so is the University of Mexico (15—).

A much better reason for criticising the Spaniards at this period has been set down in a thoughtful verse by the poet Douglas Woodruff, and we urge every doggie-worshipper to grave it on her memory:

There was, alas! no R.S.P.C.A.  
In Panama upon that fateful day  
When Cortés—far the stoutest of his men—  
Stood silent on a Peke in Darien.

## Blow

**M**ONSIEUR HERTZOG, the wealthy wholesale draper, better known to his myriad Anglo-Saxon fans as André Maurois, now in New York, has had his factories at Rouen seized by the Germans under the anti-Semitic regulations, which shows that the writing racket has its uses now and again (though of course wholesale drapery is better if you are ambitious for honours).

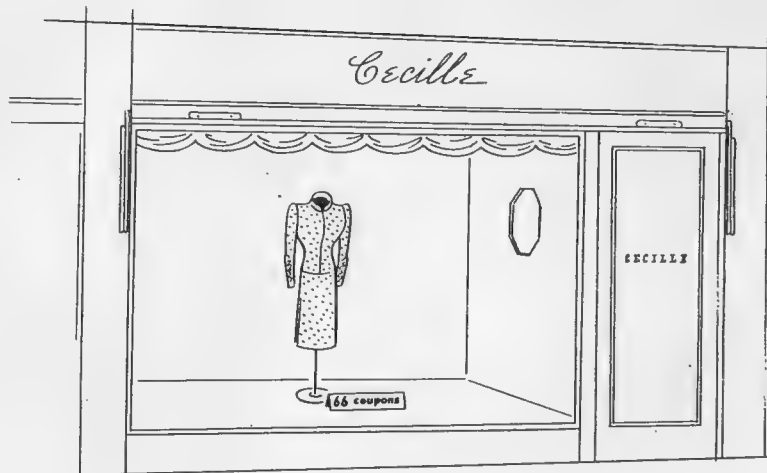
It isn't for the likes of us, the Island Race, to look down our dainty snozzles at tradesmen who take successfully to the pen, seeing that the divine Shakespeare was a perfect type. Ruthless bargains were driven in the wholesale hay and wool trade by Mr. William Shakespeare of Stratford and London, capitalist, bill-broker, tithe-farmer, land and estate owner, and a big business man standing no damned nonsense, who would put you in the County Court as soon as look at you. That bequest of his second-best bed to poor faded Anne was a typical cruel City gesture, don't you think?

The Stratford Racket has never exploited Shakespeare's business angle or even that bed, for the American tourist trade, Heaven knows why.

## Stoic

**S**TILL twirling a natty pen, M. Maurois, with his immense British and American public—personally we prefer Maritain and Duhamel and Mauriac as interpreters of France, but let that pass—can probably endure the rape of his factories with smiling fortitude.

The false sympathy of our native booky boys, formerly consumed with envy, he can



afford to ignore. The nearest some of those boys have ever got to Big Business is being publishers' narks and stool-pigeons, and you can quote us as saying it.

## Warning

**M**AKING faces at the populace, an art practised most brilliantly by monkeys and little actresses, is no occupation for amateurs, as that lady discovered who was awarded seven days in the cooler recently for making faces at people in Regent Street. "Annoyance" seems to be the word with the police when amateurs practise this art.

The novice who thinks she can ignore Nanny's warnings ("You-go-making-faces-like-that-and-mark-my-word-you'll-be-struck-like-it-some-day") and adopt grimacing as a life-work, without long and arduous training, is heading for worse danger, we might add. As long ago as 1772 Dr. Johnson said to Boswell: "I remember a lady of quality in this town, Lady ———, who was a wonderful mimick, and used to make me laugh immoderately. I have heard she is now gone mad."

This shows that amateur status, though accorded superstitious honours and reverence in these islands whatever the sport or profession involved, sometimes carries its own doom. You never find a little actress going nuts, or at any rate you never notice it. And they make thousands a year at it, my dear, *literally thousands*, Mr. Bibsworth was saying.

It would be hardly possible to end this little homiletic note, addressed chiefly to aspirants to the R+y+l Ac+d+my of Dr+m+t+c Art, without a mention of the case of Maria (of the Cautionary Tales), who Made Faces and a Deplorable Marriage. From Mr. Nicholas Bentley's impression of Maria's pan in his well known illustrations to this noble poem it is clear that there, but for the grace of God, goes a top-of-the-bill cabaret turn.

## Gift

**D**ISCUSSING the problems involved in the giving of cheap but tasty wedding and other presents in wartime, a gossip forgot the classic example in English poetry of what the advertisement boys would call "economical gifting," namely:

When the lovely Miller's Daughter  
Asked the Poet what he'd brought her,  
Alfred, first Lord Tennyson,  
Gave the girl his benison.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Mrs. Robinson says she knows some other people who have a bomb crater in their garden and they've turned theirs into a lily pond."



# Old Bill Goes East : By Bruce Bairnsfather



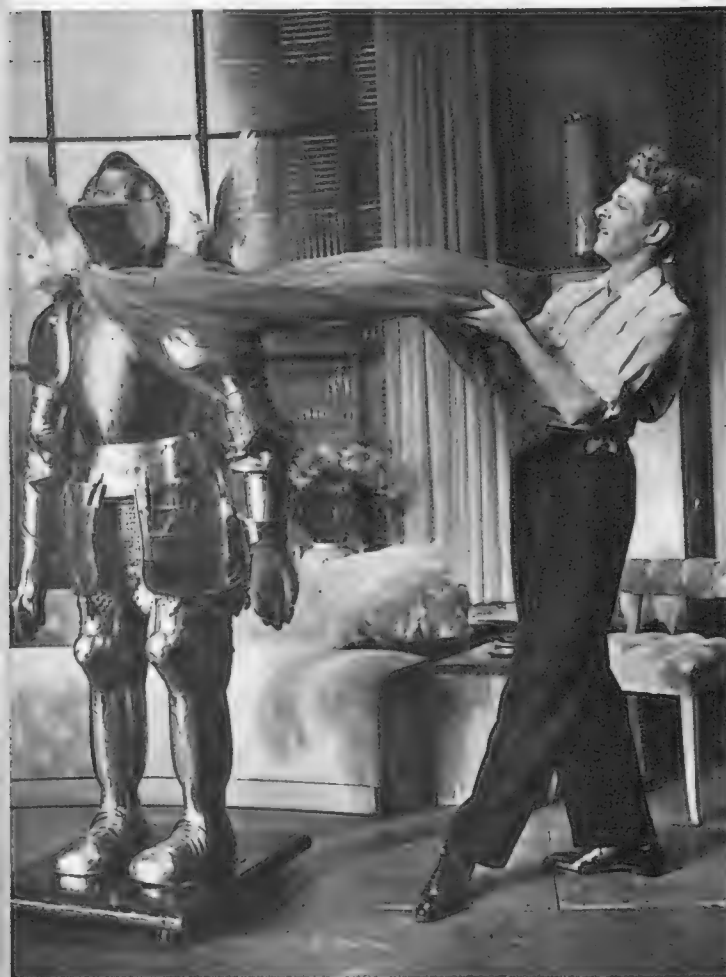
"Sorry, Sir!"

## "Lady in the Dark"

Scenes from the Psychological-Musical-Comedy-Drama,  
Starring Gertrude Lawrence, Which Has Been  
Broadway's Big Hit of 1941



The editor of "Allure," an efficient business woman to whom beauty and glamour are just the raw materials of her job, suddenly feels all to bits. She goes to a psycho-analyst, lies on the sofa in his office trying to explain what's wrong with her soul



Fashionable photography as "Allure" shows it is well under surrealist influence. A suit of armour with doves on the shoulders and blue net round the neck is prepared for a sitting by "Allure's" star photographer, Danny Kaye, a newcomer to Broadway, plays this part, and his singing and dancing are a big success



Dreams of the soul-sick editor provide spectacular material for the central scenes of "Lady in the Dark." Here she stands in a big fashionable church before her big fashionable wedding to a man she doesn't love. Harry Horner designed some magnificent sets for the dream scenes, including this mocking stained-glass window





*As a cabaret star with the town at her feet, the repressed editor escapes into a dream-world where admiration and excitement are the breath of her life*



*As a circus star (but wearing the suit in which she's really lying on the psycho-analyst's couch), she escapes into yet another atmosphere of glamour and tinsel and success*

*Lady in the Dark*, which since January has been the smash-hit of the theatrical season on Broadway, has done something quite new on the stage. It has combined a serious story about a successful business woman who goes for treatment to a psycho-analyst, with a series of musical-comedy scenes of the most spectacular kind, full of singing, dancing and gorgeous settings. Moss Hart, who generally collaborates with George Kaufmann, wrote this show by himself, and drew inspiration for it from his own four-year treatment by a psychologist. Music and lyrics are by Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin. And the star is Gertrude Lawrence, who acts, sings and dances as never before in the most varied and exacting part of her career. Danny Kaye and Victor Mature, New York's new matinee idol, share some of the honours with her. *Lady in the Dark* is to be filmed by Paramount when the Broadway run is over, and C. B. Cochran got the British rights in a transatlantic telephone talk with Miss Lawrence. She is said to be coming to England by Clipper any time now, to see her family and friends, and maybe to cheer us up by some public appearances



*"The Saga of Jenny" is the song Gertrude Lawrence sings in the circus scene*



A race for the ball and a brisk encounter between two opposing players took place in a match played at Kyeemagh. It will be seen that both ponies are ridden in snaffles, which the Australians prefer to the double bridles used in England



One of the players had an ugly fall near the goal-post on the Kyeemagh Polo Ground. Luckily, the pony did not roll over the rider, and the injury might have been very serious, perhaps even a broken neck

## Polo in Australia

Players and Spectators of the Great Game at Kyeemagh and Cobbitty, New South Wales



Mr. Curtis Skene, of Campbelltown, who learned his polo in Assam, his daughter, Mrs. Ken Mackay, of Dungog, and his son, Mr. Robert Skene, are a polo-playing family. Bob Skene played at Hurlingham in the Goulburn team which won the Champion Cup in 1937 and subsequently played No. 1 in our International team of 1939 versus America. Mrs. Mackay is a good exponent of ladies' polo, and a member of the N.S.W. Camp Drafting team which competes annually at the Royal Sydney Show



Viceregal visitors watched the polo at Kyeemagh; Lord Gower, who visited Wales since 1937, was chatting to Mrs. James Aspinall, one of the four famous Ashton brothers of the crack Goulburn team. Lord Gower, who was in conversation with Lady Gower, was Commander-in-Chief of Australia. Lord Gower is Duke of Kent, but owing to the war, is not in the country





Some excellent play was seen in a match at Cobbitty, one of the beautifully-situated grounds on which Sydney's polo is played



Miss Priscilla "Sue" Other Gee, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alban Other Gee, of Point Piper, is a frequent spectator at polo in Sydney. She has spent three years in England and has announced her engagement to Lord Adam Granville Gordon, heir-presumptive to his brother, Lieut. the Marquess of Huntly, the Gordon Highlanders, Premier Peer of Scotland



Mrs. Geoffrey Ashton and her Husband



Mr. and Mrs. James Ashton

Mr. Phil Ashton adjusted his pony's bridle before starting a game. He is the youngest of the Ashton brothers, was not in the team which won our Championship in 1937, but played for Goulburn some years earlier, when the side won the Whitney Cup, Ranelagh Invitation Cup, and the Indian Empire Shield. He is now serving in the Royal Australian Air Force. The four brothers have achieved a world's record, playing together for ten years, which accounts for their really perfect team work. Geoffrey Ashton is the No. 2 and James Ashton the No. 3 of this crack side



Wakehurst, Governor of New South  
of Mandurama, wife of the eldest  
burn team, and Mrs. Willsallen, of  
ose husband is Governor-General and  
s to have been succeeded by the  
raining in office for the present

## A Young Mother and Her Baby

The Marchioness Townshend  
And Her One-Year-Old  
Daughter, Caroline

*Photographs by  
Tunbridge-Sedgwick*

Lady Townshend, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Luby, was married at the outbreak of war in September 1939. Lord Townshend was at that time A.D.C. to General Sir Edmund Ironside, as Field-Marshal Lord Ironside then was. Now he is serving with his regiment, the Scots Guards, and when able to get leave he and his wife spend it at Raynham Hall, their lovely home in Norfolk, to which he succeeded in 1921 when only five years old. These photographs were taken at the house of Lady Townshend's great friend, Lady Robert Crichton-Stuart, formerly Lady Janet Montgomerie, daughter of the Earl of Eglinton and Winton, and wife of the Marquess of Bute's second son, who is also in the Scots Guards







George Medal

Temp. Sub-Lieut. J. H. Rouson, R.N.V.R., was awarded the George Medal for gallantry and undaunted devotion to duty, and received his decoration from the King at a recent Investiture. His job has been for some time the disposal of land-mines. Rouson is an artist by profession, and for some years was responsible for the drawings on the theatre page of the "Bystander," and also a constant contributor of jokes, illustrations, and so on

### Stories by "The Few"

I would advise you to read those thrilling and inspiring books, *Winged Words* (our airmen speak for themselves), published by Heinemann (8s.), and *The Battle of Britain, 1940* (Geoffrey Bles; 10s. 6d.) in co-operation. Each is a kind of companion picture of the other. The former consists of short, but marvellously vivid, exciting and soul-stirring accounts, given by the airmen themselves—though each story is anonymous—of their most dangerous and interesting encounters with the enemy. The latter is a kind of brief history of the war since the French collapse, with London as its pivot, so to speak.

Viscount Trenchard has written a foreword to each. He writes of *Winged Words*: "It is, of course, a new idea for the Services to speak of their doings in public, but fortunately the identities of the speakers are hidden by the cloak of anonymity. All the same, I believe that these men would have done anything to have avoided the ordeal of facing the microphone if there had not gone with it a visit to London." In that last sentence you have, perhaps, the whole "key" to the inspiring qualities of the book itself. It is the perfect simplicity and directness of each narrative which makes it so impressive and memorable. There isn't a piece of "fine writing" in the book, but there is something much more than "fine writing" in it—there is the modest ring of truth.

Take this example. It tells the story of the Maastricht Bridge Raid—two bridges of the utmost strategic value to the enemy. The preliminary introduction tells us that "a call was made for volunteers for this desperate exploit and not a man held back. Of the fifteen who went out only one returned. Days later, however, another survivor turned up. All hope for his safety had been abandoned. He is the author of the following first-hand account of the

# With Silent Friends

By Richard King

attack." And this is how "A sergeant observer" laconically tells the preliminary story of this heroic adventure: "Our squadron leader asked for volunteers, and there is no need for me to tell you that not a single one of us hesitated. I wasn't there at the actual time, but when I arrived my pilot told me he had put my name down. I am glad that he did."

### "Bombing of the Bridges"

WITHIN twenty miles of their target thirty Messerschmitts intercepted them, but they continued on their course. Nevertheless, the odds were ten-to-one against them. Yet they arrived near Maastricht, the Messerschmitts still attacking them from the rear. "The first I knew about it was when our rear gunner shouted: 'Enemy fighters on our tail. Look out, Taffy.' . . . The barrage was terrific, the worst I have ever struck, and as we neared our target we saw the flight of three bombers, now returning home, caught in the thick of the enemy's fire. . . . When we delivered our attack we were about 6000 ft. up. We dived to 2000 ft.—one aircraft close behind the other—and dropped our load. . . . Immediately after we had dropped our bombs we turned for home, but the barrage was there waiting for us. It was even worse

than before, and it was not long before our aircraft began to show signs of heavy damage. Soon the rear-gunner shouted: 'They have got our tanks,' and as it looked as if the machine would soon be on fire the pilot gave orders to abandon aircraft." They jumped; the pilot remained with his aircraft, but managed to bring it down safely.

The writer himself landed near Liège where he was set upon by the crowd who had witnessed his descent—whether because they imagined him to be a German or whether because he kept shouting "Anglais" he never discovered. At last a Belgian woman protected him from the crowd and he was eventually given a bicycle and sent on the road to Namur. "It was a long and adventurous journey—but that's another story," he concludes.

### This Affecting Brevity

IT is the brevity of each narrative which makes it the more dramatic—providing you have the imagination to read between the lines. Maybe also the reluctance of modesty which invests each story only adds to its impressiveness. There is no bombast in the telling; there is no showing-off, there are no heroics. Just plain facts, plainly told; yet the human wonder of them stands out clearly enough.



### D.B.E.—for Services to Music

Myra Hess, the pianist, was made a Dame of the Order of the British Empire in the Birthday Honours. The thousands of people who have been to lunchtime concerts at the National Gallery have a keen appreciation of what her services to music have been: Miss Hess, with the help of Sir Kenneth Clark, started these concerts soon after the outbreak of war. She herself has always been the most popular of all the soloists who have played and sung there. In the same week that she received her D.B.E. she was also awarded the Royal Philharmonic Society's Gold Medal for 1941

## With Silent Friends

(Continued)

Here is a description of a forced-descent by parachute: "Black smoke poured into the cockpit and I could not see. I knew that the time had come for me to depart. Everything after this was perfectly calm. I was at about 10,000 ft., but some miles out to sea. I lifted my seat, undid my strap and opened the hood. The wind became my ally. A hand—actually the slip-stream catching under my helmet—seemed to lift me out of the cockpit. It was a pleasant sensation. I was in mid-air—floating down so peacefully—in the cool breeze. I had to remind myself to pull my ripcord and open my parachute. When the first jerk was over I swung like a pendulum. This was not so pleasant, but I soon settled down and I was able to enjoy a full view of the world below—the beach, some miles away, with soldiers—and the long lines of villas in a coastal town. There was no sensation of speed. But the ripples on the water became bigger—the soldiers on the beach became nearer. I had one minute of anxiety. As I floated down, one of the Messerschmitts appeared. The pilot circled round me and I was just a little alarmed. Would he shoot? Well—he didn't. He behaved quite well. He opened his hood, waved to me and then dived towards the sea and made off for France."

### Other Things Beside

WELL; in that brief word-picture it seemed to me that a perfect description of descent-by-parachute was given. And one had so often wondered what must be the sensation! So it is throughout the book. Every kind of danger and daring and risk is told, and there are other interesting chapters which deal with the further aspects of Service life: the training of the men, the maintenance of the machines and the intelligence department which plays so important

a part in preparation and supervision. In fact, the whole book is a description of the Prime Minister's own Winged Words: "The Few Who Saved the Many." And the "Few," as this book reveals, include also men from the Dominions, Americans and officers and men of all the Allied forces. It is a noble tribute to the strength and courage of the human race.

### Britain's Battle

MUCH the same tribute to the same nobility is paid in the *The Battle of Britain, 1940* (Geoffrey Bles; 10s. 6d.), by J. M. Spraight, late Principal Assistant Secretary to the Air Ministry. Actually, however, this is a brief history of the war as it affected this country, since the beginning. It is queer how most of us are prone to regard it piecemeal, so to speak. Our main interest diverted first here, then there, until we find it almost impossible to gather up all the diverse threads and then to regard it as a whole. This the book accomplishes; at least, up to the beginning of this year. The general effect leaves one optimistic in spite of the tragic and disappointing interludes. While reading it one perceives how gradually, and in nearly all directions, we are slowly advancing towards victory, though the road yet to traverse may be so hard and long—the battle of London won, the battle of the Atlantic on its way to victory, thanks on the one hand to the spirit of endurance and courage of men and women; thanks on the other hand to the spirit and courage of the British Navy. Neither victory looks startling in the spectacular sense, perhaps; but each and both possess a finality which must make realisation grim indeed for the German High Command.

The Epic of Dunkirk is just a part of this glorious picture. Once again "the Few" achieved this victory. "No more favourable opportunity could well be conceived for a strong bombing force to demonstrate its

ability to smash and shatter enemy forces, on ground and sea—forces which seemed simply to invite and await annihilation. The annihilation never came to pass. The great air attack was met and broken by the Royal Air Force. Our fighter squadrons played a part second only to that of the Navy in saving the Expeditionary Force from destruction. Our pilots hurled themselves upon the German bombers, broke up their formations, spoiled their aim, made accurate bombing out of the question, harried and haunted them until that wonderful deliverance was achieved."

### Battle of London

THERE followed the Battle of London when once again "the Few" saved the many. It was a second triumph; though only the end of the war and history will be able to gauge how big that triumph was, and only then, when the full complete story comes to be written. Man to man the Germans have never come off victorious; their final defeat will come when machine-against-machine is equalised.

To obtain a greater and more comprehensive vision of how the war is slowly, but certainly, being won, this is a book to read. Moreover, each page of it contains some story, a brief account of some operation which it will always be well to remember when disappointments come, as come they must. As a history of the war, as it affected this country during the year 1940, it is both valuable and extremely interesting, since it lends the mind a kind of perspective from which the events of 1941, already known, may be viewed in something like their entirety and full significance.

### The "Deathless" Novelette

THE novelette, as a novelette, is, of course, quite out of fashion. Most readers would sooner be found unconscious than own to reading them, still less to enjoying them. Nevertheless, the novelette, so pure and, oh, so simple, still persists, though it refuses to pass under its old name. If one had to read, for example, the plots of 90 per cent. of the films in book-form, one would shudder at their improbability and silliness. As a film, however, with a few popular "stars" attached, they are reviewed everywhere at length. Thus it is with so many novels. They are the old Housemaid "Classics" at treble the price, and so, consequently, at double their importance. Their popularity still continues and will always continue so long as sentimental women dream in deck chairs on the beaches, older women change their book every Wednesday at the local circulating library as a matter of routine, and young women still like, to believe that, though fate may marry them off to a poor but dashing "romantic," they will wake up one morning to find themselves in bed with the inheritor of ancient nobility and wealth.

Though *My Enemy and I* (Longmans Green; 9s. 6d.), by Theresa Charles, isn't about that kind of thing at all, it will appeal decisively to the same huge public. Firstly because it is very good in its way, and secondly because it contains a plot in which the lovely daughter of poor, but very well-connected, parents marries for worldly reasons a long-hated neighbour, who is immensely rich; happily to discover later on that she loves him. Which was, you will own, most useful under the circumstances, but was dreadfully complicated nevertheless by a sister-in-law who was a real bad 'un and a brother-in-law who was worse. A good novelette, well told, which should prove extremely popular.



The Man Behind Radiolocation, and His Wife

A C.B. in the 1941 New Year Honours List, a Fellowship of the Royal Society in March, drew little or no public attention to Mr. R. A. Watson Watt, Scientific Adviser on Telecommunications to the Chief of Air Staff. A fortnight ago it was made known that the system of ether waves by which enemy aircraft are detected and which is now known to the world as radiolocation, was in the first place the conception of Mr. Watson Watt. He is a Scotsman from Brechin, in the last war was meteorologist-in-charge at the Royal Aircraft Establishment. In 1916 he married Miss Margaret Robertson, of Perth, and she and he, in a wooden hut near Farnborough, did radio research work together. It was she who in those days gave the daily noon time-signal to the Aldershot Command. Nowadays she drives her husband to his work all over the country



# Getting Married

## The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



**Garthwaite—Macleod**

Major Clive Charlton Garthwaite, R.A., elder son of Major and Mrs. Alan Garthwaite, of Kirby Lonsdale, and Dorothea Helen (Tudi) Macleod, younger daughter of Major-General and Mrs. Charles Macleod, of 5, Portman Mansions, W.1 (now at Eynesbury, Merrow, Guildford), were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



**Gardner—Hutton-Wilson**

Sec.-Lieut. David Selby Gardner, Inns of Court Regiment, elder son of the late J. S. Gardner, and Mrs. Gardner, of Chaseley House, Rugeley, Staffs., and Anne Hutton-Wilson, daughter of Colonel A. H. Hutton-Wilson, of Crawley Lodge, Camberley, Surrey, and the late Mrs. Hutton-Wilson, were married at St. Peter's, Frimley



Poole, Dublin

**Casson—O'Connell**

An Irish stage wedding was that of Christopher Casson and Kay O'Connell, both members of the Dublin Gate Theatre company. He is the son of Lewis Casson and Dame Sybil Thorndike. She is the daughter of Michael O'Connell, of Rock Road, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, and the late Mrs. O'Connell. They were married at the University Church, Dublin



**Niemeyer—Moss**

Pilot Officer Theodor Mervyn Niemeyer, R.A.F., son of Sir Otto and Lady Niemeyer, of Sharpthorne, Sussex, was married at Sapperton Church, Glos., to Margaret Mary Moss, only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. Dennis Moss, of Brookthorpe, Cirencester, Glos.



**Salmon—Pitman**

Major Henry Methuen Pomeroy Salmon, 3rd (K.O.) Hussars, of Tockington Manor, Glos., elder son of the late Captain and Mrs. H. R. Pomeroy Salmon, and Honor Isabel Pitman were married at St. Peter's, Dyrham, Glos. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Pitman, of the Cottage, Dyrham



**Gordon—Harper**

Captain John Gordon, Ox. and Bucks. Light Infantry, and Faith Harper, only daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Harper, of 112, Banbury Road, Oxford, were married at St. Mary-the-Virgin, Oxford. He is the son of Dr. G. S. Gordon, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, and Mrs. Gordon, of the President's Lodgings, Magdalen College

(Concluded on page 26)

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Big Game

**F**ELICITATIONS to whoever it was who thought of this name for His Majesty's good colt by Bahrám out of Myrobella, for Bahrám was a great hunter, and war is a big game. Personally I thought that War Chieftain was a good name for him, but the one selected is much better.

Bahrám, the Sassanian chieftain, was rather a gay sort of chap if the details concerning him are correct. He had seven castles each of a different colour and a lovely lady in each (like the King of Bohemia), but whether they also were each of a different colour history does not relate—but it is quite possible, since Bahrám seems to have been a person rather fond of the exotic. Amongst the duties of these doubtless beautiful ladies was to tell their Lord a romance. I wonder whether they found that very difficult: probably not. Bahrám's favourite quarry was the wild ass—a most elusive animal, which luckily I have personally seen through field glasses on The Roof of The World.

## The Derby Hero

**T**HE winner was not the real hero of this year's Derby. The only colt in the whole fleet of them that had never flattered to deceive was this grey pony Morogoro—he is only 15.1½, and is the only three-year-old with any really consistent performances behind him. In this substitute Derby he was giving away nearly a hand—Owen Tudor being 16.1. Where bone is concerned he is just as good, 7¼ ins. for a small one being very adequate, and his rein is 41 ins., only 1 in. less than his bigger conqueror.

Morogoro (9 st. 4 lbs.) won the Craven, beating that much-boasted colt Sun Castle

(8 st. 5 lb.) a neck; he was second in the Guineas to Lambert Simnel, who won quite comfortably by two lengths, with Sun Castle one and a half lengths away third and well beaten, and now he has run second in the Derby in which Lambert Simnel was tenth and Sun Castle not in sight.

## A Total Eclipse

**T**HE Newmarket pundits said that Sun Castle was bound to stay. They must have been tipping him so fervently upon some gallop at home, for public form surely gave them no warrant at all. "They" said further that Morogoro's stamina was doubtful, because, as one must suppose, of that legend that The Tetrarch and his descendants never beget stayers! It is non-proven whether The Tetrarch could stay. He never had the chance to settle the question one way or the other, because he never ran as a three-year-old.

As to Owen Tudor, I am afraid that he must be classed with the gay deceivers. He won the Column Stakes (1 mile) in a canter, beating nothing; they then backed him down to 7 to 4 on for the Trial Stakes (1¼ mile) at Salisbury and he was sent out like one of those certainties which are already home and dry. He was quite soundly trounced by the 8 to 1 chance Fairy Prince, who was getting 10 lbs.—a lot of



Red Cross Tennis in Ireland *Pool, Dublin*

Miss Olive Poole, Miss Dodo Curley, Miss E. Lombard and Miss M. Nichols, who are ranked as Ireland's first four women tennis players, took part in a tournament in aid of the Irish Red Cross at the Fitzwilliam Club, Dublin, headquarters of tennis in Ireland. Their match in the Women's Doubles was won by Miss Dodo Curley, Ireland's No. 1 player, and Miss Nichols

weight it is true. Owen Tudor started at 25 to 1 for the Derby which, I submit, was a very just appraisal on his recent form.

However, many congratulations to the fair owner, the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, only daughter of the late Lord Woolavington and wife of a former Joint master of the Pytchley.

## Newmarket's "Ascot"

**W**HEN one has not got that which one loves, it is necessary to love that which one has." A philosophic old French maxim! An Ascot run at Newmarket is no more like the real thing than an Epsom run



Officers of a Battalion of the Royal Scots

"The Scotsman"

Front row: Lieut. R. L. Cormie, R.A.M.C., Capt. W. C. M. Mitchell, Capt. J. G. Duncan, M.C., Major A. Wemyss, M.C., Major F. W. Paulin, M.C., Lieut.-Colonel A. G. Syme, D.S.O., M.M. (Commanding Officer), Capt. and Adj. J. E. Hannah, Major J. Watt, M.C., Capt. D. T. Leech, Capt. A. H. Philp, Lieut. and Q.-M. T. Drysdale. Centre row: Capt. J. T. Jamieson (Chaplain), Sec.-Lieuts. J. Beattie, D. M. Robertson, J. B. Munro, Lieuts. W. Bryce, S. E. Simson, W. Reynolds, J. Scullion, Sec.-Lieuts. R. Couper, W. G. Hally, J. C. M. Wilson, Lieut. T. B. Watson. Back row: Sec.-Lieuts. R. D. H. Y. Glover, L. A. Chandler, L. H. D. Hodges, J. A. S. Stuart-Black, J. S. Brown, E. S. G. Green, A. S. Bowden, A. G. D. Adamson, P. Doncaster, N. Graham, Lieut. C. R. D. Kenworthy





roole, Dublin

### Racing at Phoenix Park, Dublin

Mr. Jack Counihan, son of Mrs. Counihan, of Connellmore, Newbridge, Co. Kildare, and nephew of Senator J. J. Counihan, whose engagement was announced lately to Miss Dolores Pelly, went to Phoenix Park races with his fiancée. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Pelly, of Dublin. They saw the Aga Khan's Badr Bibi win the Glengariff Plate

at Newmarket. Extremely pleasant in both cases, but not the same thing because of that lack of atmosphere which has such a big say in everything. Naturally it will not be a Royal Ascot as that is understood, but we may see the Royal jacket out, purely because His Majesty believes that encouragement of one of our leading industries is a good thing, as indeed it is, and now more so than ever.

After this war what will be the position where blood-stock values are concerned? Is it not the fact that the British Isles and America will have a monopoly? Is anything bred on the Continent under German domination going to be admitted into the equine Debrett? You might just as well say that you would trust a Dictator farther than you could hurl a bull by the tail. German, Italian and even French-bred blood-stock will be under suspicion, for how can any pedigrees be relied upon? Who will trust the *ipse dixit* of a German or an Italian breeder?

### An Ancient Royal Connection

THOUGH Ascot's connection with the Royal Houses, which have ruled this Realm, may not be as ancient as that of Newmarket, which can trace its history back as a centre of sport in general, and of horse-racing in particular, to the times of that war-like Queen who led her cavalry and chariots in person against the disciplined legions of Rome, it is the only meeting in England which enjoys the privilege of Royal patronage and which can claim to owe its origin to a ruling Sovereign. Purely academic as may be the interest at such a moment as this, it is not inappropriate to recall Ascot's origin.

In 1711, Queen Anne commanded that a State race-course be prepared on Ascot Heath and presented a Plate of one hundred guineas which was run for on August 7th of that year. That was the beginning of the Royal connection with Ascot.

Like all her line, the Queen from her earliest youth was imbued with the love of sport, principally horse-racing, though, as is related of her, she did not disdain less dignified expressions of sport, and had been detected, whilst still the little Princess Anne, wandering to the Cockpit of Westminster. Like all the Stuarts, Queen Anne was an owner of race-horses, and in the archives of Newmarket it is on record that both she and her Consort, Prince George of Denmark, "kept fine studs of race-horses," and that Her Majesty frequently ran them in her own name and also in the name of Mr. Tregonwell Frampton, "the keeper of the Queen's running horses," a post equivalent to that occupied to-day by the Manager of His Majesty's racing and breeding studs. Tregonwell Frampton had occupied an official post of very much the same nature under Charles II., and when Queen Anne brought Ascot into existence as a racing centre, it is not an unjustifiable presumption to believe that Frampton stood in much the same relationship to the Royal course as that which was occupied by Sir Gordon Carter.

All the foregoing has been written on the presumption that racing will be permitted after what happened at Newmarket. It is obvious that some form of rationing will have to be introduced which will restrict the crowds which use petrol, the roads and the railways. We cannot afford risks in these times.

### The Tail o' Me Coat

EVEN if this clothes-rationing scheme should spread to Ireland, I opine that there will still be enough material left to accommodate anybody wishful to tread on the tail of the legendary Irish coat. It is a dangerous proceeding at all times, for no Irishman would willingly abandon an opportunity for a scrap. I "mind" an occasion when a famous regiment, which Kipling called the "Black Tyrone," were in a state bordering upon open mutiny because they were not included in the force detailed for a certain very bloodsome operation. Being in the second echelon they were not in actual fact entitled to be so included.



The Home Guard In Difficulties: by Wing Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

A Home Guard unit under training encounter difficulties with a medium tank which has taken charge and finished up in the village pond. Everyone in the neighbourhood comes to rescue them from this ignominious position, complete with horses (the one which is hauling the tank has got its tail caught and this is being amputated), pitchforks, ladders, and so forth

# Getting Married (Continued)



**Cemlyn-Jones — Langdon**

Sec.-Lieut. Ellis Owen Cemlyn-Jones, Royal Welch Fusiliers, elder son of Sir Wynne Cemlyn-Jones, of Penmaenmawr, and Patricia Langdon were married at St. Mary's, Wimbledon. She is the elder daughter of Mrs. Robert S. Langdon, of 22, Lake Close, Wimbledon



**Maufe — Daubeny**

Anthony de Lisle Maufe, only son of H. B. Maufe, of Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, and Mrs. D. de L. McClelland, of Oak Ridge, Churt, Surrey, and Daphne Louise Daubeny, elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Cyril Daubeny, of Kitis Farm, Churt, Surrey, were married at Churt



**Jacobsen — Irgens**

Captain Karl Jacobsen, Royal Norwegian Army, was married at the Norwegian Seamen's Church, London, to Sonia Irgens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Irgens, of 83, Queen's Gate, S.W.7, and Brimstone Wood, Meopham, Kent, and granddaughter of the late Johannes Irgens, formerly Norwegian Minister in London



**Donaldson — Edwards**

Flight-Lieut. David W. Donaldson, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Donaldson, and Joyce Edwards, daughter of the Rev. M. H. Edwards, Chaplain-in-Chief, R.A.F., and Mrs. Edwards, of Danes Hill Farm, Oxshott, Surrey, were married at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road



**Hayter — Schofield**

Michael George Hayter, eldest son of the Rev. G. T. M. J. Hayter, of Midsomer, Norton, Glos., and Katherine Patricia Schofield, only child of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. F. W. Schofield, of Langston House, Chadlington, Oxon, were married at St. Nicholas's, Chadlington



**Villière — Boyd-Roberts**

Commander Henri Villière, Free French Navy, was married at Kensington register office to Daphne Boyd-Roberts. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Boyd-Roberts, of 103, Sutherland Avenue, W.9



**Ellis — Percy**

Captain William Henery Ellis, Royal Canadian Corps of Signals, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Ellis, of St. Thomas, Ontario, and Freda Dorothy Percy, daughter of the Rev. J. H. K. and Mrs. Percy, of Wonston Rectory, Hants., were married at Wonston Parish Church



**Atkins — Woods**

Norman Thomas Atkins, of Norton Close, Pebworth, Warwickshire, younger son of the late William Atkins, and Mrs. Atkins, formerly of Olton, Warwickshire, and Betty Evelyn Woods, elder daughter of the late Bryan Athelstan Woods, and Mrs. Woods, of Cooden Beach, Sussex, were married at Holy Trinity, Kensington Gore



**McLeod — Porter**

Lieut. Duncan Cameron McLeod, R.A., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McLeod, of Callender, Perthshire, and Vivien Mary Porter, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Osbert Porter, of 20, Elm Grove Road, W.5, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Thinking of Coupons?

# USE THEM TO ADVANTAGE AT MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S SALE NOW PROCEEDING

Every woman is talking and thinking about Coupons. And now, at the opportune time, comes Marshall & Snelgrove's Sale, offering reduced prices for ODDMENTS and CERTIFIED VALUES in all departments.

Post Orders accompanied by Coupons receive special attention.

Coarse Straw Sailor  
trimmed ribbon and  
veil. In white, black,  
or navy.  
SALE PRICE, **39/6**  
(No Coupons)

(On Left)  
Black-and-white printed silk  
crepe afternoon gown is for  
special occasions. This ex-  
ample is from a lovely range  
of afternoon gowns in all  
shades and sizes. The one  
sketched is average size.

SALE PRICE **14½ gns.**  
(7 Coupons) (Model Gowns,  
first floor)

For Personal Shoppers  
A Salvage Stock of  
Linen and Cotton  
Sheets and Pillow  
Cases and Woollen  
Dress Fabrics DAM-  
AGED BY WATER,  
to be cleared at  
exceptional prices.

A group of plain and printed hard-  
wearing washing dresses in styles  
that are simple and well cut.  
Sizes, 38 to 43 hips. **42/-**  
SALE PRICE (as sketched)  
Other Groups at 59/6 and 69/6  
(7 Coupons) (Inexpensive Gowns,  
first floor)

Marshall grade tailored spot Milanese dresses, delightfully cool.  
A Uncrushable. Gold, white spot, navy, turquoise. Hips, 36, 38,  
40.

SALE PRICE **94/6**

(7 Coupons). (Knit Wear, ground floor)

Small woman's gown in fancy crepe with tiny white motif, in  
navy, ice-blue, green and dusky-pink, particularly becoming to  
the short figure. Stocked in Marshall & Snelgrove's four  
specialised sizes.

SALE PRICE **9½ gns.**

(7 Coupons) (Small Sizes, first floor)

(On left)

C One of many styles in either spot or printed silk shantung. Please  
ask for the colour you require, giving 2nd **55/- & 59/6**  
choice. Hip sizes, 36-42. Price ranges of  
(7 Coupons) (Debutante Dept., 2nd floor)

## BUY GLOVES, STOCKINGS, AND SHOES—NOW!

We illustrate new style stitched ghillie  
shoe in black, brown or blue calf with  
flexible welted soles. Addition buckle  
fastening. Sizes 3 to 8. **59/6**

SALE PRICE  
8½ to 9 2/6 extra  
(5 Coupons)

200 dozen. Lisle thread stockings,  
medium weight, fine suede finish, fully  
fashioned. In colours of vogue, carib,  
newmarket, mist-beige, talisman and  
clove.

SALE PRICE, pair **3/6**  
(2 Coupons)

Sac-shape gloves in suede lambskin  
attractively corded on the backs. The  
lovely colours include gold, apple-green,  
olive, fuchsia, mid-blue and  
brown. **SALE PRICE** pair **12/9**

(2 Coupons)

Write for the Illustrated Sale Catalogue.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

# Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

## Cyclic Simplicity

IT is a curiosity of our times that the aeroplane is in abundance while air travel is in abeyance. How hollow, to-day, sound the slogans of the civil aviation salesmen urging us all to travel by air. Now only the privileged few, who can muster some paper and pack-thread authorisation from a Government department can get a seat in a transport aeroplane.

Let them have their seats; let them use their privileges; let them run like rats from poor old England, for after all, those who stay behind are the gainers. We learn progressively how much we can do without, and how much better we are without many of the people and things we used to think indispensable.

One of those strange little cells which do duty as tobacconists' shops, with a glamorous girl sitting in the darkened interior and dividing her time between tea, a novel and lengthy conversations with the customers; one of these quaint cabins, I say, in a passage near Berkeley Square, displayed the notice, "No cigarettes, no matches, no tobacco, no nothing."

Yet it was impossible to avoid observing that the notice was inaccurate, for the conversation with the customers who had called to buy nothing was even more vivacious and interesting than usual. So we learn to return to the simpler pleasures. Those who earlier felt that they could not live without the analgesics of cigarettes and newspapers, now find solace in speech.

## Aero-Indispensability

THERE was a danger that we might have thought that life without the aeroplane

would have become impossible. The talk about air transport all tended in that direction: Air communications in peacetime became almost a religion. But now we know that we could do very well without the aeroplane and that its value lies entirely in its manner of use.

Aeroplanes are like boots. Once we did without boots and went barefoot. Then we reached the stage when we all had boots and raised compassionate hands if we saw anyone going barefoot. Bootlessness then became horrifying and cruel and an indictment of our economic system and heaven knows what else. Then came the great crank army, the open-air divisions and back-to-naturalists. They ordered us to go barefoot again for health and fitness' sake.

So it goes round and round. The only difference is that when one comes to a thing like flying it is far more important to see clearly and to control soundly than in other matters. A boot is less lethal than an aeroplane for a kick in the pants must ever be less dangerous than a bomb in the bedroom.

## New Messerschmitts

IT is unwise automatically to turn down German official reports and statements as untrue. Sometimes they adumbrate if they do not state the facts. But I have been wondering about these stories of the Messerschmitt 113, which is credited by the Germans with a speed of 475 miles an hour.

It is worth recalling that the world's speed record was set up by a Messerschmitt 109 which was given out by the Germans to be a standard machine. Actually we know now from the experiences of our pilots in

battle and from our own tests done with captured machines, that the Messerschmitt 109 is nothing like fast enough to have set up the record in standard form.

So that we have reason to doubt German speed claims. And I say quite clearly that I do not believe this latest one. I do not believe that any standard type of fully-armed fighter produced by the Germans or anyone else and ready now to go into service with the fighting squadrons can do 475 miles an hour or anything near it.

I doubt if we shall see in this year of 1941 fighters with top speeds of as much as 450 miles an hour. I am speaking, of course, of properly authenticated speeds corrected and stated for still air conditions with the aircraft flying exactly level and without any momentum gathered in a previous dive.

My opinion is that the German claims for this new Messerschmitt fighter are untrue, and that the figure of 475 miles an hour is nothing other than a first-class falsehood. But what a pity that the science of aviation, which used to set out to speak the truth without fear or favour should descend to the worst kinds of fake propaganda.

## Discoveries

I NEED hardly add that I have not denied the German speed figure without thought. The Germans are cunning engineers. They have achieved much in the air. The old Heinkel 70 taught us many lessons when we put our own engines into it. But the Germans are not as cunning engineers as the Americans, and we have a pretty good idea of what speeds the best American designers are hoping to reach in their standard fighting aircraft this year.

There always remains the possibility of some astonishing new discovery. But here again the scope is fairly well understood. There are things, such as control of the boundary layer, which might lead in the end to great increases in speed without reducing weight or making landing speed impossibly high.

But work is being done on these things in most countries. The boundary layer is the very thin layer of air immediately adjacent to the surfaces of the wings. It is a sort of "skin" of air which fits over the skin of the aeroplane. Disturbances in the boundary layer lead to disturbances in the larger masses of air which flow past the wings and give the aircraft its lift. So if the boundary layer can be controlled and kept smooth, the aircraft's lift is improved throughout the speed scale.

## Delays

I HAVE had so many letters from young men who have volunteered for air crew service in the Royal Air Force and then been left wandering about between maintenance units and initial training wings for weeks and sometimes months without even sitting in an aeroplane, that I fear there has been some bad disorganisation in the branch of the Air Ministry concerned.

It is of no value to the country to ask men in reserved occupations to volunteer for air crew service and then, when they do so, to leave them kicking about until their enthusiasm is gone.

Moreover, it is perfectly obvious that we want every trained man we can get in the Royal Air Force. Where is the trouble? It is a thing that must be thrashed out, and the sooner the better. So far the official answers have been entirely unconvincing. We may want a "pool" of men, but if the men are trained the pool automatically becomes more valuable.

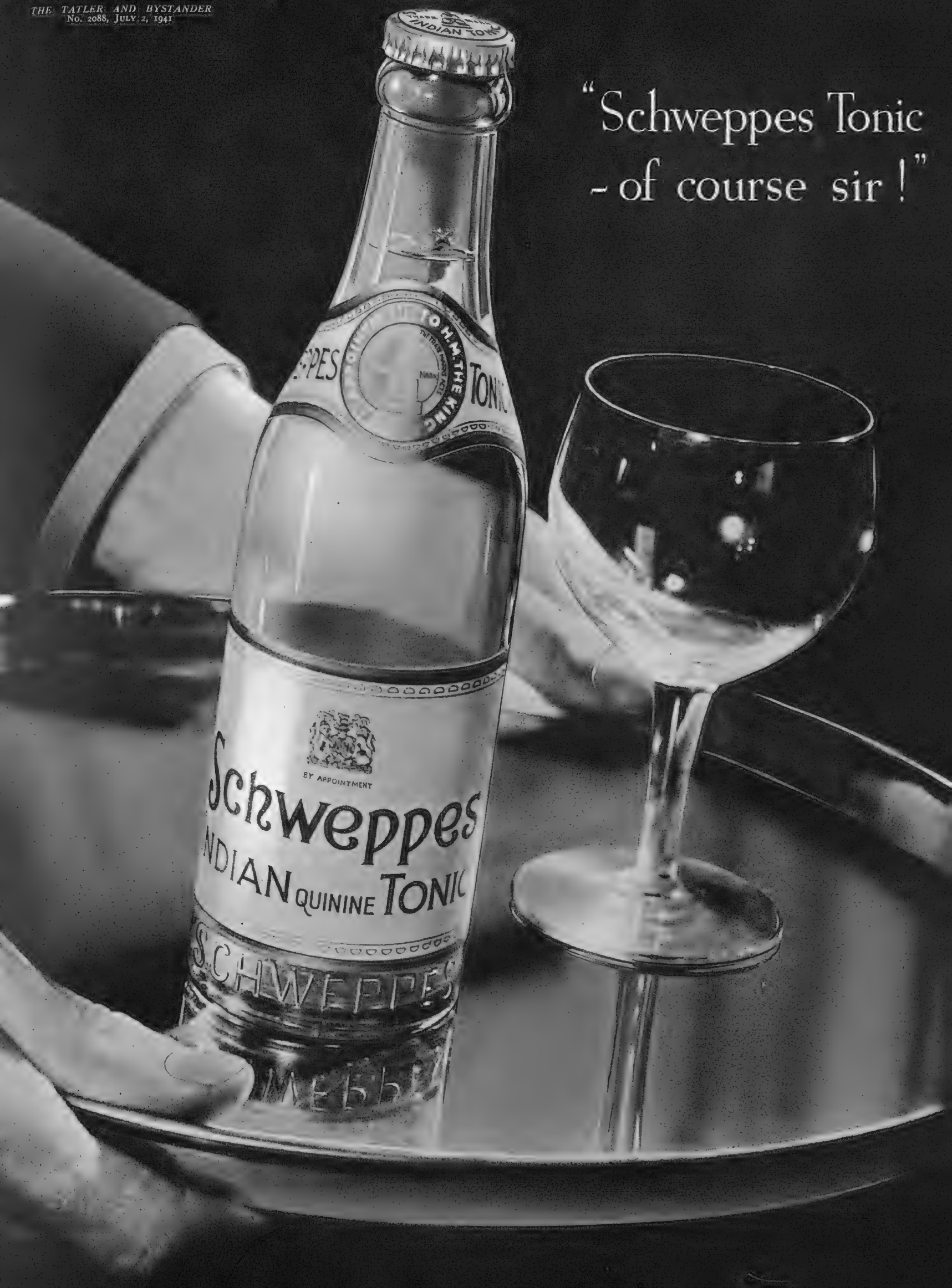


Officers of the Flying Fortress

Group Captain Lord Willoughby de Broke (right), who holds a position in the Air Ministry, chatted to Captain Geoffrey de Havilland, the famous aircraft designer, and officers of the Flying Fortress—in other words, the B.17C, a four-engined Boeing bomber with a speed of 300 miles an hour. This was at the inspection of American aircraft made by the Chief of Air Staff, Sir Charles Portal, with Major-General J. A. Chaney, U.S. Air Observer in England



"Schweppes Tonic  
- of course sir !"



## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. Brooke



"Quality" is all-important now that "coupon" shopping prevails. The "Gor-ray" Koneray pleated skirt is an excellent investment. It can be made of the customer's own materials, or in others supplied by the firm, which include a variety of tweeds, flannels, worsteds, linens and serge. This ready-to-wear skirt is arranged with graduated knife-edge pleats all round which taper off into a snug-fitting, slenderising hip line. It is a "Gor-ray" Koneray model which is seen above. Further details may be obtained from the makers, C. Stillitz, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire



## GRACEFUL AND PRACTICAL WAVES

The Eugene Wave is the foundation of the hairdressings on this page. It is a process which ensures the much to be desired neatness allied to Fashion. On the left is a sophisticated, utterly easy-to-do style. A roll goes from above the ears right round the head in the shape of a horse-shoe. The Eugene Wave gives the curls and roll their strength. Sleek waves end in a neat roll in the other dressing. It may be split into separate curls at the sides. The sweeping curl at the top is a flattering finish. It certainly looks attractive with a uniform cap

## CHEERFUL COLOURS AND LOW HEELS



Fashions in footwear are full of surprises. Although the colours are gay and the styles are practical, Fortman and Mason, Piccadilly, declare with justice that the best quality must be bought if true value is to be obtained. High heels have passed away. Generally speaking, they measure from 1 to 1½ ins., while many of the uppers are of the classic character in suède and calf. Badges, mascots and initials are embroidered on some models. They are very neat and in complete harmony with the times

The footwear pictured may be seen at Fortnum and Mason's. The Air Force Shoe on the left is available in several shades of suède with embroidered badge. Cuban heels support the feet in a very satisfactory way. The set above is made in snake-skin or canvas and consists of sandal, bag and belt in many combinations of colours. It has been created for wearing with "off duty" dresses

An important feature of the shoe above is the wedge heel. It is primarily destined for holiday or "relaxation" wear. Neither must it be overlooked that footwear for men as well as women is well represented. Of course it is correct in every detail. Furthermore, there are practical affairs for women engaged in war work but who do not wear uniform. Neither must it be overlooked that high sheep-skin boots will be found a boon on chilly nights



★

★



**WHEN YOU  
BUY**



**YOU GET  
VALUE  
FOR YOUR  
COUPONS**



TRADE ENQUIRIES TO  
**'Nicoll Clothes'**  
REGD.  
MIDDLESEX HOUSE  
CLEVELAND STREET  
LONDON, W.1

AGENTS IN THE WEST-END

**Nicolls of Regent Street**

H. J. NICOLL & CO. LTD., 120 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1 TEL: REGent 1951

# Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

WHEN the cat burglar reached the sixth floor he stopped and peeped through the window.

Inside a small baby lay in a cradle, playing with a rattle. The burglar tapped on the window.

"Come and open for your nice uncle," he said.

The baby looked at him with the unwinking stare babies have.

"Don't talk like a fool," he replied. "I can't walk yet."

YOUNG Sandy boarded a tram at the cross roads, carrying a big bundle of washing, and he took a penny fare. When he arrived at the stage point, the conductor shouted: "Here ye are, laddie."

"Is ma penny up here?" asked Sandy. "Can I no go to the next corner?"

The conductor agreed to let him stay on, but when they reached the next corner Sandy pleaded: "Ah'm awfu' sorry. It's the next corner Ah want. Ma bundle's sae heavy; will ye no let me stay on?"

When they arrived at the next road the conductor was standing no more nonsense. Sandy made no move, so he shouted: "Ye're getting off here; laddie, an' no mistake," and picking up the bundle he threw it into the roadway.

Young Sandy stood up and screamed: "Och my puir brither."

NOBBY was a staunch supporter of the regiment's football team. On the day following an important match one of his pals asked to be transferred to another tent.

"Why?" asked the officer.

"It's like this, sir," said the Cockney soldier. "'E gets so excited in his sleep, 'e shahts and 'e rives. 'E kept grabbing 'old of me 'air, puttin' 'is knees in me back, and yellin': 'If only I could get this ruddy turf up, I'd blind that ——— referee!'"

THEY met in the bar.

"A fellow just now told me I looked just like you," said the first.

"Oh, did he?" replied the second. "Where is he? I'd like to knock his head off."

"You're too late. I've just killed him."

A SCOTTISH soldier was given a decoration for gallantry. A few days later a friend asked him: "And what does the wife think of your medal, Sandy?"

Sandy grinned.

"She doesna' ken yet," was the reply. "It's no my turn to write."



MAURICE M'LOUSHUN.

"Mechanisation had to come, George"

THE charlady had been given the morning off to go to a wedding, and the next day her employer asked her if she had had a good time.

"Oh, it was grand, mum," replied the char. "'Ardly an angry word was spoke all day, and there wasn't any drunkenness worth the mentionin'."

As the lady was climbing aboard the bus she turned to wave farewell to her friend.

"Good-bye, my dear," she called. "I'll be with you again soon."

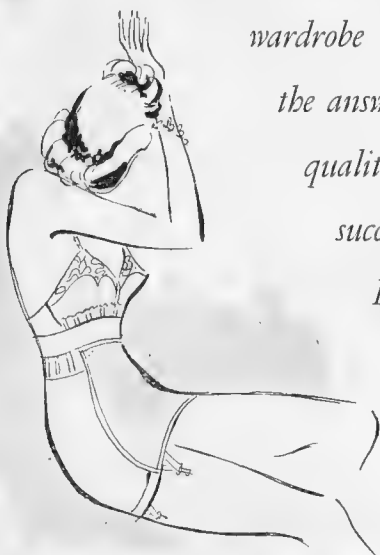
"Sooner than you think, lady," said the conductor, firmly, "we're full up!"

(Continued on page 34)

## BUILD YOUR WARTIME WARDROBE ON

# Lasting Foundations

First and foremost in coupon calculations—the essential upon which your good appearance and life of your wardrobe depends—is a good foundation. "Le Gant" are the answer to the present problem—their renowned wearing qualities, design and comfort are vital factors to a successful budget—and will maintain your FIGURE FOR FUTURE FASHIONS.



# Le Gant

THE ULTIMATE FOUNDATION





## Refill Thrill



Bring out your old lipstick cases . . . turn them into new lipsticks in a few minutes. For each old case buy a Gala refill . . . gay colours . . . colours that give a new thrill to old dresses . . . creamy, permanent colours. Slip the new refills into the old cases. It's economy, it's clever, it's just

another Gala idea . . . the new refill thrill . . .

★ If by any chance a Gala refill does not fit your case, please return it to us and we will refund your money.  
Wartime restrictions may cause temporary shortage of supplies. Please be patient and keep on trying!

OUTDOOR GIRL

# Gala REFILLS

The liveliest lipstick in Town 1/6 inc. Purchase Tax

Also Gala Powder 1/6 including Purchase Tax

## PLEASE DON'T SMOKE Four Square cigarettes before breakfast



If you *must* smoke before breakfast — particularly in these times of short supply — please don't smoke Four Square Cigarettes. These cigarettes are not for those who must always be smoking, they are for those who know when and where to smoke. For those who smoke for pleasure and not from habit. For those who know a good thing when they smoke it. Just 1/6d. for 20.

## FOUR SQUARE

for those who really ENJOY a cigarette



# Bubble and Squeak

(Continued from page 32)

FROM "Peterborough's" column in the *Daily Telegraph*, comes the following story of a flight lieutenant who had been given command of a squadron and rang up the Directorate of Postings at the Air Ministry.

"I want Pilot Officer Jones posted to my squadron," he said. "And I want him posted now. I don't want any of the inefficiency your department is known for."

"Do you know whom you are speaking to?" said the voice at the other end.

"No."

"I am Air Marshal Brown."

"And do you know whom you are speaking to?"

"No."

"Thank God for that," said the young officer, and rang off.

THIS story won first prize in a competition run by an American periodical for stories of brevity and dramatic content.

Elvina Parker received a telegram from her brother, who was accompanying her husband on a big game expedition in Africa. The telegram read: "Bob killed lion hunting.—Fred."

Elvina, overcome with grief, wired back: "Send him home.—Elvina."

Some weeks later a large packing case arrived from Africa. Inside was a lion. Elvina sent a telegram: "Lion received. Must be mistake. Send Bob.—Elvina."

Back from Africa came the reply: "No mistake. Bob in lion.—Fred."



"Turn ma overcoat? Mon, it has'na three sides"

THE orderly officer entered the mess-room and asked the soldiers dining there if there were any complaints.

There were. One young recruit sprang up and complained that he'd found a cigarette-end on the edge of his dinner plate.

"Great heavens, man!" exclaimed the officer. "What do you expect—a packet of twenty?"

THE sergeant was exasperated. "As far as I'm concerned," he said bitterly to the recruit, "you're good for only one thing in rifle practice."

"What's that?" asked the recruit, hopefully.

"You tremble so much you'd make a fine moving target for the rest of the squad."

THIS yarn comes from America:

The professor—a bachelor and extremely absent-minded—entered the elevator that would take him to his hotel room. It was exactly 11 p.m., and the professor was in deep thought.

He was returning from a long lecture and was trying to remember all he had heard. For an absent-minded man it was a terrible job. At the moment he wasn't even positive that he had attended the lecture.

The elevator reached the sixteenth floor. Frowning deeply, the professor stepped out and walked down the corridor.

"Was I there," he muttered to himself, "or was I not? And even if I were, what benefits did I derive? Ah, me!"

Still muttering, he opened the first door he came to and entered a suite of rooms. He turned on the light and started to remove his coat.

Just then, a sweet, feminine voice zephyred out from the bedroom.

"Is that you, dear?" sang the voice. "Oh, I'm so happy you're here."

The startled professor walked into the bedroom.

"Is that you, dear?" repeated the lovely voice.

The professor switched on the light. He found himself gazing into the eyes of a beautiful blonde who was parked in the bed.

The professor gulped.

"No," he sighed. "But I certainly wish it was!"

TWO women were talking in the bus.

"Is your husband musical?" asked one.

"Yes, he plays the accordion," replied the other.

"How nice."

"I'm not so sure. He plays tunes like 'Roll Out the Barrel' and 'It's a Hap-hap-happy Day'—and he cries all the time."

"But why does he when he's playing happy tunes?"

"The accordion pinches his stomach."

## KIA- ORA

"Good  
Health!"

★

When your grocer says, "I'm sorry, but . . ." please don't blame him—blame circumstances beyond his control.

★

Fixed Retail Price  
2/6 per large bottle:  
Lime Juice/Cordial,  
Lemon, Orange,  
Grapefruit



Someone must have told...! We rather thought our 'Wartime Service' was a good idea for these difficult times. But it seems it was more than that. There isn't a Roussel shop that hasn't been buzzing with activity ever since . . . and at reconditioning headquarters we're "rushed off our feet". Looks as if the first customers for "Wartime Service" spread the good news. Well, always glad to be of service—except in performing miracles!

**J. Roussel**  
LTD.

J. Roussel Ltd., 177 Regent Street, London, W.1, Regent 6571. Branches throughout Gt. Britain.



**barry woolf's**  
VICTORY  
HAIRDRESSING SCHEME

By sending a facial description, or photograph, together with a postal order for 12/6 one of Barry Woolf's personally created designs will be forwarded with sketches and full instructions, leaving the execution either to yourself or your local hairdresser

**LUIS & WOOLF**

COURT HAIRDRESSERS

4-6, QUADRANT ARCADE

(Opposite the Piccadilly Hotel)

80-82, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Telephone: REGENT 5374-5



\* \* \* \* \* A S C O T \* \* \* \* \*



**"SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO..."**



## Coupons can't cramp Charm

when its safe and sure foundation is a KAYSER 7-SIZE SLIP

Remember that the fit and style of all your clothes depend on the fit and style of your underwear. That is why, when worn over the sure foundation of Kayser Quality, everything else keeps its charm and grace no matter how long you have to make it do.

Remember, too, that Kayser have been making quality-tailored underwear for over 35 years. So you can be quite confident that in 1941 even more than in 1906, Kayser Quality will be even more jealously safeguarded.

PRINCESS SLIPS		Bust	
K.7 Rayon Satin	32", 34", 36"	8/11	
	38", 40"	9/11	
K.C.7 „ Crêpe	42", 44"	11/6	
FRENCH KNICKERS		Waist	
F.K.4 Rayon Satin	25", 27", 30", 33"	5/9	
F.K.C.4 „ Crêpe	- - - -	5/9	

Shades: Nectarine, Ivory, Azure, Black.

THESE PRICES ARE SUBJECT TO THE ADDITION OF PURCHASE TAX



Insist on seeing this label on every Kayser garment you buy.

# KAYSER

7-SIZE TAILORED UNDERWEAR

LONDON - BALDOCK, HERTS - BIGGLESWADE, BEDS - DOWLAIS, GLAM



### IN GREY OWL'S MEMORY



"How can any woman wear a trapped fur, knowing that every hair on that skin has vibrated with prolonged torture?" These were Grey Owl's words to me.

Write for WHITE LIST of Fur Crusade and Humane Trapping Campaign which names furs you need not be ashamed to wear. Funds needed for more Advt. MAJOR C. VAN DER BYL, Wapenham, Towcester

## Save regularly week by week

Join a Savings Group and make others join with you; or deposit your Savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks; or go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into Savings Certificates, Defence Bonds, National War Bonds, or Savings Bonds.



By ensuring utmost engine-efficiency and economy through their unique gas-tight construction,\* Champion Sparking Plugs are making their contribution to all branches of motorised Government and Civilian service where dependable ignition is paramount.

### CHAMPION SPARKING PLUGS

\*The SILLMENT Seal, exclusive to Champion, prevents gas-leakage.

*Dependable...*

ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS



BY APPOINTMENT

### EDINBURGH HOUSE FAMED FOR GENUINE SCOTCH TWEEDS AND HOMESPUNS

We carry an extensive range of the finest Tweeds and Homespuns made in Scotland—loomed on the banks of the River Tweed and hand-woven by the crofter craftsmen on the Isle of Harris and in the Shetland Islands. The superb wearing quality of these materials, their attractive designs and lovely colourings have made them universally favoured for Sports and Outdoor wear. Man-Tailored into Coats, Suits, Skirts, or sold by the yard, any length cut.

PATTERNS ON REQUEST

**LADIES' HARRIS COATS  
FROM £7.7s.**

PURCHASE TAX ONLY ON NEW GOODS

**ROMANES & PATERSON**  
62 PRINCES STREET  
EDINBURGH

Telephone: 21017-8

ALSO AT BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.



## ONE GOOD SUIT

Strange to think of a lounge suit in terms of coupons. But there—or rather, here—it is! And on the allowance it looks as though more than one suit a year is out of the question. You will have to make that suit work pretty hard—so be certain it is the best value money can buy. At Moss Bros. you can choose your suit from one of the largest ranges of first-rate ready-to-wear clothes in the country. It is now more important than ever to know exactly how your suit will look and how well you like it *before* you buy.

**MOSS  
BROS**  
AND COMPANY LIMITED

Naval, Military & R.A.F. Outfitters  
**COVENT GARDEN**

Corner of King Street and  
Bedford Street, W.C.2

TEmpLe Bar 4477 (12 lines)

Branches at 3-5 Upper Union Street, Aldershot; 76 Park St., Bristol; 5 St. Anne's Sq., Manchester; 13 The Hard, Portsmouth; and at Boscombe, Camberley, Dorking, Droitwich, Heysham, Hove, Ilkley, Salisbury, Shoreham, Shrivensham, York.

# Way of the War

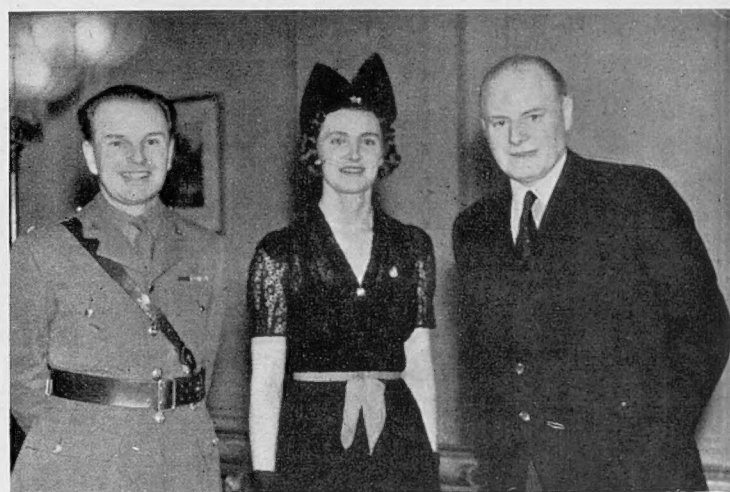
(Continued from page 3)

to the Prime Minister. He condemned the conventional plans which were then being drawn up for defending Britain's shores and said: "I've got my own plans." Mr. Churchill was impressed and told the general to go ahead with them. The general did and some time later an official from the War Office arrived at his headquarters to discuss them. General McNaughton explained them in detail; they were quite simple, but the War Office soldier was surprised. "They'll take some time to put into operation," he suggested. "Not they," replied General McNaughton, "the plan was operating in its entirety forty-eight hours after I got permission from the Prime Minister."

### New Blood For South America

MANY weeks have elapsed since I first drew attention in these notes to the urgent need for sending out younger and more competent men to take charge of our diplomatic posts in South America. The announcements of new appointments made last week show that Mr. Eden has not been idle in this matter and the choices have been widely hailed as admirable.

Mr. Ralph Stevenson, who was principal private secretary to Mr. Eden and to Lord Halifax before him, was last on post abroad as Minister in Barcelona during the last part of the Spanish civil war. Before that



Swache

### An International Reception

Sir Thomas Cook, M.P. for Norwich, and Lady Cook, held an international reception at the May Fair Hotel to which officers of the Allied Forces were invited to meet Brigadier-General Lord Croft, the Under-Secretary of State for War. Lord Croft (right) received the guests with the host and hostess

he was one of the Foreign Office's leading experts on League of Nations affairs, and has for long been recognised as one of the ablest of our younger diplomats. I do not doubt that he will be an ambassador before he is fifty. Incidentally he combines great personal charm with exceptional good looks, and should be extremely popular in Montevideo.

Sir Noel Charles, who becomes our Ambassador in Rio de Janeiro, needs no introduction to regular readers of this column for I had a good deal to say about him when he was appointed Minister in Lisbon, after the entry of Italy into the war compelled us to withdraw our diplomatic mission from Rome. He becomes an ambassador at the age of forty-nine, and will instil a great deal of much-needed energy into the Embassy where Sir Geoffrey Knox, in the closing phase of his career and with indifferent health, has not quite kept pace with the increasing tempo of world events.

The newly knighted Sir Ronald Campbell, who did a first-class job in Belgrade, should be a useful reinforcement to our Washington Embassy, where he replaces Mr. Neville Butler as second Minister, and releases that official to take over charge of a reorganised American Department at the Foreign Office.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

"THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JULY

Name {Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## VICTORIA HOTEL

A.A. R.A.C. FULLY LICENSED  
Equipped with every up-to-date convenience. Spacious Public Rooms, self-contained suites, also many Bedrooms with Private Bathroom and Toilet. Vita Glass Sun Lounge, Cocktail Bar

### FACING DUE SOUTH AND THE SEA

THE VICTORIA IS CATERING FOR PRESENT-DAY NEEDS

The amenities and Mild Climate of Sidmouth are well known.  
FOR BOOKINGS and FULL INFORMATION, WRITE RESIDENT MANAGER  
Telegrams: "Victoria, Sidmouth."

Telephone: Sidmouth 811 (2 lines)

**SIDMOUTH, S. DEVON**

THE THERE IS NO SAFER PLACE TH

**CHUBB  
SAFES**

THE THERE IS NO SAFER PLACE TH

**JACQMAR  
SALE**

ENDS JULY 5th

Printed Silks and Tweeds

16 GROSVENOR STREET, W.1

MAYfair 6111

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s. 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as a part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever



## WHEN YOU WAKE WITH A HEAD LIKE LEAD

You can't help waking *sometimes* with a headache. There are lots of things can make you feel below par. Disturbed nights, overwork, worry, smoking, eating or drinking too much—all these cause what doctors call an "acid condition."

And then, whatever the cause of your headache, it's no good taking something that merely relieves the pain. You need something to remove the cause as well.

That is why a sparkling glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer' is much the best way to cure a headache. It stops the headache almost instantly, and it completely counteracts the acidity without any awkward laxative effect.

If you have a headache or feel as if you were suffering from a "morning after," take a glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer'; you will be amazed how soon your head will clear, how quickly you will feel better in every way. And you will *be* better, too. For 'Bromo-Seltzer's' alkalisng elements will have counteracted the acids which cause your trouble. 'Bromo-Seltzer' is simply grand for Headaches, Nervousness, Brain Fatigue, Indigestion and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

Get a bottle of 'Bromo-Seltzer' from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Heppells or any Chemist today. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried, get your money back.

## TORBAY HOTEL TORQUAY

Tel. 2218 Telegrams: Torbay, Torquay

100 bedrooms

SPECIAL TERMS FOR H.M. SERVICES  
WRITE FOR TARIFF T

*Achieve Lissom Grace  
and  
Perfect Health  
in*  
**AERTEX**  
*Corsetry*

## WAR TIME ECONOMY

The most effective form of economy is to **KEEP FIT** Nothing compares with **RIDING** to ensure Health and Fitness **All Riding Requisites**—good value and low charges.

**To Measure**  
Jodhpurs 34/- to 75/-  
Breeches 30/- to 65/-  
Jackets 63/- to 126/-

**Ready to Wear**  
Jodhpurs 45/- & 55/-  
Breeches 40/- & 50/-  
Jackets 55/- to 87/6

**Children's Riding Outfits—a speciality**

Goods sent on approval against suitable references



During the War—Address for Post Orders and patterns: Cromwell House (Dept. 30), Sutton Road, Watford, Hertfordshire

**Bedford Riding Breeches & Co.**  
19 NEW QUEBEC STREET  
MARBLE ARCH LONDON

Two minutes from the Marble Arch



There are those who work in the hope of reward and others who find their reward in their work. But all work seems like play when it is done to the accompaniment of

## PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES



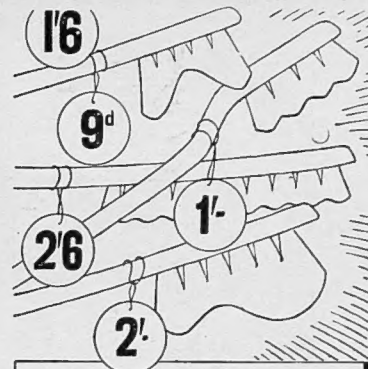
IT IS NOW MORE THAN EVER NECESSARY TO EMPTY  
YOUR PACKET AT THE TIME OF PURCHASE AND LEAVE  
IT WITH YOUR TOBACCONIST.

N.C.C. 551A

**Give up  
your  
Binoculars**  
—every pair is  
needed for  
National Service

**KERSHAW'S  
BINOCULARS  
RETAIN'S  
BEST**  
will again be  
available when  
the present  
emergency  
has passed

SOHO LIMITED  
37-41 MORTIMER STREET  
LONDON, W.1



## HOW MUCH IS A TOOTHBRUSH?

THERE are nearly as many prices for toothbrushes as there are shapes and sizes. The makers of TEK set out to find the *one* shape and the *one* size that would do the job of cleaning teeth perfectly. They called in dentists to advise them. When dentists were asked for their opinion 92 out of 100 agreed that TEK was the most efficient toothbrush ever made. When the perfect shape and the perfect size had been found, it was possible to fix the price. As all TEKs are the same size, shape and quality, they are all the same price. Because of wartime difficulties, fewer TEKs can be made than formerly. We regret the inconvenience to retailers and customers. If you should be disappointed occasionally, remember to ask for TEK, supplies may have arrived meantime.

FITS THE ARCH



Designed  
by Dentists

**Tek 2/-**  
Plus  
Purchase Tax

Made and guaranteed by  
JOHNSON & JOHNSON (Gt. Britain) Ltd.  
Slough and Gargrave

T3



HATS BY

**Battersby**  
LONDON



*Superb Scotch*



HERRING DRIFTER

DEWAR'S  
**"White Label"**  
*It never varies*